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Look Out for Next Issue, No. 397, of "Gazette" for Double-Page Illustrations of the Ryan and Sullivan Meeting.

THE NATIONAL
POLICE GAZETTE
THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA.

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 18, 1885.

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THE THEATRE PARTY NUISANCE.

A FORM OF "SAWCIETY" ENTERTAINMENT WHICH WOULD BE PROFITABLY CORRECTED BY A DOSE OF ROTTEN EGGS.



RICHARD K. FOX, — Editor and Proprietor.
POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING
SATURDAY, April 18, 1885.

13 Weeks, \$1.

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Five thousand dollars is a good deal of money nowadays. It is the exact and tangible expression of much labor, much energy, much enterprise and much patience. It represents a myriad different channels of approach, and it contains a myriad possibilities of enjoyment, extravagance, usefulness or waste.

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Look at the five thousand dollars in solid, substantial, glistening gold. It makes a pretty gay spectacle, doesn't it? Then it speaks for itself with a musical jingle and gleams with bright encouragement.

For five thousand dollars in either form, men will do a great deal. Heroic valor has been rewarded with a good deal less. Awful crimes have been committed for a much smaller prize. Men have toiled for lifetimes in penitentiaries for a one-hundredth part of it. Soldiers have fought desperately battle after battle, and been amply rewarded by a thousandth part of it.

Yet, moved thereto by his unflinching desire to promote every manly sport and every wholesome and virile occupation, Richard K. Fox has determined to draw his check for that princely amount, on conditions hereinafter duly set forth, as the lawyers say.

Men of brawn, pluck and skill anxious to immortalize yourselves—read, mark, learn and inwardly digest:

The recent defeat of Edward Hanlan, of Canada, who has held pride of place in the rowing world since 1876, by Wm. Beach, in Australia, in two international races for the championship of the world, has brought about numerous discussions in regard to who is the champion oarsman of the world. On April 4 Richard K. Fox, the proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE, after consulting with Wallace Ross, James Pilkington and several other patrons of boating, decided, in order to advance and promote rowing, to arrange an international single-scull race, open to all oarsmen in the world, and in order that Wm. Beach, who now holds the title of champion of the world, may be induced to enter the race, he will give a purse of \$3,000 to be rowed for. Richard K. Fox will give him \$500 for expenses. The \$3,000 purse offered by the proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE will be divided as follows: \$3,000 to the winner, \$1,250 to second, \$500 to third and \$250 to fourth. Should circumstances not permit Mr. Beach to visit this country the man securing first place will receive, in addition to the \$3,000, \$300 to defray his expenses to the Antipodes, in order to have him contest and regain, if possible, the lately-lost championship laurels borne so long by America (since the year 1876), when won by Edward Hanlan at the Centennial regatta, held at Philadelphia. The race will be 4 miles, with a turn, and will be governed by the rules of the National Association of Amateur Oarsmen. Each contestant will start from buoys anchored 100 ft. apart, and turn buoys the same distance apart at the end of the 2 miles. The managers will appoint the referee, judges, time-keepers, and make the necessary arrangements for the success of the race and the comfort and convenience of the oarsmen competing. The race will take place in the vicinity of New York city, between the 1st and 15th of August, 1885. All entries to be made on or before July 25. POLICE GAZETTE office, New York city. For further particulars address the above names and places. James Pilkington will manage the affair for Richard K. Fox, and no stone will be left unturned to make the race the most important ever held. Wallace Ross and all the noted oarsmen will enter. The race will probably be rowed at Oak Point, which is acknowledged to be the best rowing course in the world.

THE war plot between Russia and England begins to thicken. Both have gone too far in their preparations to make a satisfactory reconciliation possible.

RIGHT TO THE POINT.

YATES CENTER, KANSAS,
(March 25, 1885.)

Mr. Richard K. Fox:
DEAR SIR—having been a reader of The GAZETTE some time and knowing that you are a man of exceedingly good Judgment and always ready to take hold of anything that has money in it I wish to lay a Little case before you. We have comming off in June Court in Woodson Co., Kansas. I will state to you how the whole matter occurred and originated and the dead holt I have on The partie I am going to prosecute & then if you deem it worth your time & notice & Think There would be eny money in it for you which I am positive There would be for some man and you prefered Just Let me know as soon as convenient. I am keeping a Grocery store here in This City & on The side in one of my Cases I put in a Little Lottery such as Chewing Gum for which I done merely for amusement for The Boys, Through winter days and Evenings not for The money There was init al & the business ran along alright and had Lots of sport out of it. The way I was conducting it was This I had a certain amount of gum, I sold it for 10c. a stick and gave a prize with every stick, among The prizes were Several nice knives. The Thing ran along quietly and several Knives were drawn & Every Thing was satisfactory until one morning a contemptible cuss a Barber here in town bought several sticks of gum and because he did not draw all The best prizes he made a kick, reports wen: out Then That we had The numbers That drew The knives laid out of The box and That we were pertaining money under false pretense & tried to have us arrested but could not make it out. Now we have a dirty Lollive abusive Democratic Editor here That is no good on earth, he used to practice medicine here in Yates Center and not Long ago started up a paper here he is very wealthy, & Thinks he is terrible smart, and I will fix him you'll see. Well he went and published This matter as reported on The street, not even coming to me to fin The stagh of The story and Just published The worse outragous Lie you ever heard, which nearly ruined my traid, I went and consulted a Lawyer and commenced a Libel Suit against The paper, sueling Them for \$5,000, which will be no hard matter to Collect if we can get a judgement, and we have sufficient evidence to convict him & procure our judgement if we can above The Thing Through what

I was going to propose to you, being in a very close place and short of money at present & all The Lawyers in This Town are poor destitute forsaken old Bummas, and, They all want Thay pay before The Work is done in order to Live. I was going to say to you if you would see me Through with it, dont Think it will cost over \$200. I will whack up equal with you as soon as we get The Thing settled and into a Judgement. Now if you concide to Advance me The money send it at once by Registered mail or draft to WM. CARLOCK,
Yates Center,
Kansas.

P. S.—It is a shure Thing and you cannot make \$2,000 any quicker or shurer. The reason I send to you Is the people in This Town are all down on me on account of This Little chewing gum business. I will assure you will get your money Back and \$2,000 before July 1, '85, and I will gain my reputation back, which is worth more Than five Times \$5,000.

It will be observed, even by a moderately blind man, that the writer of the above printed letter is a singularly straightforward and plain-spoken personage. There may be a good deal that is mean about him—but there is nothing obscure, nothing reserved, nothing double-faced. It is true that his spelling is quite fever-and-agueish, and that his handwriting seems to be the result of an involuntary go-as-you-please pedestrian experiment made on a couple of dirty half-sheets of paper by a croton-bug insotected on pale-green ink.

But what are trifles like this compared with an open, straightforward, child-like simplicity of mind?

So far as we can make out, our special correspondent in this particular instance is an influential member of the well-known and highly-distinguished family of Skins. We may be wrong, but if we are it is because he has personally misled us to a false estimate of his character.

So far as we can arrive at a fair perception of his true inwardness, he is a grocer who has been running what is known in aristocratic circles as a "brace shake-bag" in combination with his legitimate trade in sanded sugar and fly-blown raisins. In the course of business, Mr. Carlock seems to have suffered the affliction of newspaper interference. Like every other able and amiable gentleman shown up by the press, he saw at once his chance to bring a libel suit and did so. To push that libel suit to a successful end will take \$200, and if Richard K. Fox, in the opulence of his greenness and stupidity, will put up that trifling amount (the price of a single lunch) he guarantees that Richard K. Fox shall get \$2,500 when the jury gives Mr. Carlock his verdict.

It is a very tempting offer—very. To few men occurs the chance of getting a dead sure \$2,500 in return for a paltry investment of \$200. Richard K. Fox is only human after all, and he can't help lingering in his refusal to take a hand in Mr. Carlock's little game.

But he has to say "No!" none the less, and he says it because he believes that if any Kansas jury ever "got onto" Mr. Carlock, as the phrase goes, that able, amiable and very ingenious gentleman would, in the picturesque language of the community in which he resides, have to "skip the country between two days." The gentleman to whom he daintily alludes as "a dirty Lollive abusive Democratic editor" would not be slow to help in the acceleration of Mr. Carlock's exodus, as it were. (Nor would

that "contemptible cuss, the Barber," fail to share the exciting pursuit. Add to this the wrath of the Yates Centre bar, so graphically described as a lot of "poor, destitute, forsaken old bummers"—and the mind recoils from contemplating the sort of fight Mr. Carlock would be likely to make from Kansas. The chances of his collecting that judgment, under such circumstances, strike us as being exceedingly small. On the contrary, it would be all Mr. Carlock could do, with the assistance of several eminent surgeons, to collect himself.

In France office is seeking the men and cannot find them.

POSTMASTER PEARSON has been licking postage-stamps so long that he knows how to stick.

RIEL, the rebel, was ridiculed by the Canadian authorities a month ago. Now a heavy price is set upon his head.

We presume the appointment of a Cincinnati man to be Minister to Germany assures a rugged fight for the American hog.

WITH a rebellion on one side and a threatened Fenian invasion on the other, Canada may look for a very hot and exciting summer.

PERU has just made an example of a would-be insurrection leader, by trying him summarily by court-martial and then filling him with cold lead.

KING ALPHONSO, of Spain, wears a crown of thorns just at present. He is afraid the king-killers are after him and he dreads his own people.

LOUIS RIEL—Dear Sir: If the earth were offered to you, nicely tied up with a blue string, would you take it and go away? Answer at our expense.

WARS, says a writer, are the best teachers of geography and history. If the Riel war continues long enough we may learn something about our neighbors, the Canadians.

THE "foot and mouth" disease is epidemic in Washington. After considerable breaking out in the mouth, chinning for an appointment, the victim has to foot it back home for lack of car fare.

DE LESSEPS, the Panama canal engineer, tried to rope France into the Central America difficulty. But the French government has wisely concluded that it has enough harassing foreign contracts on hand now.

PATRICK, the rebel leader who insulted the American flag at Aspinwall, has probably heard more of our navy than of the present secretary of it. He will now have an opportunity to make the latter's acquaintance.

THE Panama Insurgents are an irresponsible pack of cut-throats and brigands. To declare war upon such a band of ragamuffins would be ridiculous. They should be exterminated without ceremony, like vermin.

LUDLOW Street Jail is a blot upon our civilization, and it should be abolished. It belongs to the era of slavery, whipping-posts and ducking-stools. It deserves to perish like the French Bastille.

THE Mormon leaders are not quite so ramifications as they were in times past. They now advise the faithful to keep out of trouble until further notice. The wretches are under the mistaken impression that an appeal to the President will help them.

"A MONTHLY journal published in Paris is devoted to nothing but the art of stamp-collecting." There are quite a number of daily and weekly journals in this country devoted mainly to the same thing; but some of them lose more "stamps" than they collect.

THE confessions of the woman, Jeffrey, who is being prosecuted in London as a procurer, are revolting. If her statements to the effect that she supplied King Leopold, of Belgium, with innocent English girls can be substantiated, that lecherous royal roué should be flogged and driven from his kingdom.

A GREAT fuss was made in New York the other day because a poor German had been trying to sell his eleven-year-old daughter for \$1,000 to a rich insurance man, who was willing to buy the girl, adopt her, and bring her up as a companion for his wife. If the seller had not been poor, and had merely wished to sell his daughter to some other well-to-do citizen for a wife, the transaction would have been all right, and would probably have been recorded as a "notable society event." Daughters are sold every day; but, unfortunately, seldom to men who wish to adopt them and bring them up as companions for their wives.

SPORTIVE PERSONALS.



"Jim" Dunne, ex-Alderman of Brooklyn, and one of the most popular sporting men in America, has been reappointed keeper of the City Hall for another term of five years. We picture the gallant James performing his great act of hoisting the big flag on St. Patrick's Day.

Geo. Mills has been made secretary of the American Club, St. Louis.

President Von der Ahe has disposed of his saloon, and will devote his time to his club.

Tim Murnan has signed with the Jersey City Club. He will be the man to captain the team.

Mercier, of the Montagnais Club, won a 10-mile snowshoe race at Quebec, Can., March 20; time, 1 hour 17 minutes.

Prof. Reid, instructor to the Toronto (Ont.) Fencing Club, has accepted a similar position with the Montreal Fencing Club.

President McKnight is to issue a circular of special instructions to umpires and scorers after the meeting of umpires in this city.

The old Boston pitcher, Tommy Bond, has been engaged by the Memphis Club. Tom will show them some of his old-time curves, as well as speed.

We are glad to learn that Johnny Ryan has again been engaged as ground-keeper for the Athletic Club. Johnny is a hard worker for the best interests of the club.

Creamer is out of baseball, and probably forever. He has been released by the Baltimore Club, the physicians pronouncing him as unfit to play, owing to consumption.

William Daly, of the Daly Brothers' Vacation party, lately bought of James Waters of Cincinnati, O., a 23-pound fighting dog called Eddie, a half-brother to Dan Kane's crack, Paddy.

Herman P. Butler has again gone into partnership as a billiard saloon keeper. He was married on March 26. His friends will wish him prosperity, and let him take his chances as to bliss.

It was an impressive funeral the Bostonians gave poor Joe Goss. It must have suggested to John J. Sullivan that "The Hub" will honor his name with a grander turn-out in case he should die in that city.

Tim Manning will play second base for the Baltimores this season. The taking of Muldoon from his home position at third to fill Creamer's place would be a bad move with so good a second-base player at command as Manning.

Esterbrook and Keefe have finally been released by the Metropolitans, and will be eligible to sign new contracts April 6. Hankinson has been released by the New York Club, in exchange for Esterbrook, while Bagley will try and fill Keefe's place with the American Association's champions.

Manager Bancroft was, March 28, married to Miss Irene Fitz, of Portland, Me., by the Rev. M. C. Julien, at the Unitarian Church, New Bedford, Mass. This is his second home-run in the game of matrimony. Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft will accompany the Providence team on their April tour South.

James Conlick, a veteran sporting man, well known for many years among the lovers of games of chance and on the race-tracks of the East and West, died in Chicago, Ill., March 27, aged seventy-four years. He experienced the ups and downs customary to men of his profession, and died worth about \$12,000.

Aaron Vanderwerker, the well-known Brooklyn, N. Y., billiard amateur, delivered a lecture before the school-teachers of Waterbury, Conn., March 23. The subject was teaching, and was well handled, as might have been expected of one who has been a newspaper proof-reader and type-setter for many years.

Frey has issued his counter-challenge to Malone. It is a billiard-table advertisement, like nine out of ten of the challenges nowadays. As Malone can get in as good work for one house as Frey can for the other, the twain may be expected to keep the advertising ball-a-rolling in every town they strike, Malone shouting: "Jerusalem Monarch!" every time he gives the thing a kick, and Frey calling out: "Jerusalem Standard!"

DRAMATIC DOINGS.

The New Dispensation of Worth Wardrobes in Place of Real Artistic Talent.

It is very pleasant to realize that all in good and proper time the beast of prey known as the American actor will have entirely disappeared from the face of the earth. This will be a consummation devoutly to be wished, and nobody accustomed to the fearful and wonderful shows lately dignified by the name of a



Act I.—An imploring redingote.

"dramatic performance" will regret it. Does the intelligent reader ask how this will be brought about?

The American actor and the American actress will be, in due and proper time, banished from the American stage by the French theatrical wardrobe. The fame and honor which have hitherto crowned the aspirations of the American actor and actress will here-



Act II.—A carriage-dress threatens.

after be showered upon the French theatrical toilet. Henceforth, also, public indignation will have to visit its opprobrium and its stale eggs, not upon the American actor and the American actress, but upon the almost divine "confections" of M. Worth.

That this period is already on us is due to American actors and actresses themselves and not to any



Act III.—The stately polonaise.

other external influence. They have grown so habituated in the last ten years to base all their art and their triumphs on their dress, that they mustn't be surprised

tional best, could not hold a candle to the passionate grief, the tearful rhapsody of the elegant Worth-made *to lette de bal*, or *apricot satin de chine*, which moved every lady in the house to convulsive sobs of admiration and envy.

"The pathetic aspect of an elegant walking-dress, cut on the bias *a la Princesse de Deneironome*, in the fifth act, was almost as effective, but the last majestic tableau—a demi-toilet, in *cervelasse verte*, with *foulard*, *casanettes* *a la timbale* all down the front.

"It was an immense performance and every credit is due to the brilliant costumer to whom we are indebted for this latest triumph of dramatic art."

STAGE WHISPERS.

Mr. John A. Mackay, the very able comedian, is waiting for a play. No play from day to day.

There is a bootblack in Sacramento named Charlie Othello, and he never heard of Shakespeare either.

Sarah Bernhardt is studying English, and Rhea, Modjeska, Janisch and Roichkoff are getting ready to commit suicide.

"Swell-Head Dick"—otherwise Richard Mansfield-Rudensdorff, Esq.—has bulged himself out of the Standard company, as usual.

Adele Belgarde declines to travel with Salvini, even at a tempting offer. The lady thinks the public won't stand both of them. She's right.

A new Muscovite opera, with the simple title, "Nishegorod," with the Russian composer, Nepravnik, was lately produced with complete success in Moscow.

John McCullough's King Lear wig is said to have cost him \$300, and John Wilkes Booth wore a wig made of the hair of his sweetheart, who died of typhoid fever.

Polly Higgins, who was for ten years première danseuse and leader of the ballet corps with Kiraly Brothers, died at her home in Downing street, New York, recently.

When "Victor Durand" is played in the Northern States, the villain is a "rebel" officer. But when they produce it down South, they make him a "blue-bellied Yank." It comes hard on the actor's dialect—but they must have it.

It is deemed strange that up to this time Lotta has escaped noble offers of marriage. Not even a duke has yet besought her hand and the little comedienne is compelled to depend exclusively upon her talent as an actress for notoriety.

Mr. Harry Miner has purchased an interest in the piece called "Blackmail," which is said to have been successful in the country. Mr. Miner intends to bring the play out in New York about the 1st of June. He ought to change the name of it, however.

The London *Life* is responsible for the statement that Lily Langtry's personal charms are dwindling and fading, and declares that their loss is due to her devotion to her acting; but her acting doesn't seem to have gained any of the charms.

Mr. A. M. Palmer every Sunday evening entertains his many friends at his house, where they can listen to the enchanting music of the Union Square theatre orchestra, the merry warbling of a nightingale or a recitation from some of our leading actors.

Mlle. Nevada, the prima-donna of Mapleton's Opera Company, was presented the other night, in San Francisco, with a purse of \$2,000 in five-dollar gold pieces subscribed by her old schoolmates at Mills Seminary. That must have been a populous school.

Poor old Dying Boucicault pretends to be horribly outraged because his daughter Patrice got married without asking his consent. Inasmuch as not very long ago Boucicault declared under oath that Patrice is not his legitimate child, it is hard to see what right he has got in the premises.

"McFadden's Spirits," a roaring comedy drama in three acts by J. C. Rosch and Col. Thos. Amory Knox, was produced with immense success at the Third Avenue theatre last week. It is certainly the very funniest of all funny Irish farces, and is bound to make money for everybody related to it.

Mr. Mantelli gets a salary at the new Lyceum of \$250 a week, with the stipulation that his wife, who is to play small parts, shall receive \$50. He invests his earnings in a commercial business at Belfast, Ireland, and when he has enough there, he will retire from the stage and become a merchant. He has no taste for theatrical life, except as a means of quickly earning money.

On May 2, Mrs. John Drew goes to Europe to visit her daughter, Mrs. Barrymore. This is the first time that Mrs. Drew has been to Europe since she was brought over by her parents when eight years old. Her dwelling in Philadelphia will be closed during her absence, and Mrs. Kinloch, her aged mother, and her niece, Miss Adine Stephens, will go to New York and spend the time with Mr. and Mrs. John Drew, Jr.

A year or more ago Richard Mansfield induced John Donnelly to get a check cashed for him. Donnelly prevailed upon Mr. Kelly, the saloon-keeper next door, to furnish the money for the check. The document was dishonored when it went to the bank, and after letting the matter rest for a long time, Kelly had Mr. Donnelly taken into custody the other day. Donnelly now talks of suing Kelly for false imprisonment, and he appears to have a pretty good case.

A full-blown British admirer of Henry Irving vents his grief at the actor's early departure for England in the following lines:

SWEET 'ENRY.
'Enry Irving, the actor,
With voice very fine—
A theatrical factor—
His announced to decline
Coming back to Hamerica—
What will we do?
The whole nation is sorrow
Will loudly boo-hoo!
For not to see 'Enry
A rolling 'is beves
On the stage, by the footlights,
Once more, fore'e dies,
His a sad disappointment!
To our women and men,
O 'Enry, sweet 'Enry,
Come hover haggin'!



Act IV.—The full toilet in tears.

if the public gravely takes them at their word and criticises not their acting but their costumes.

For instance a young lady who used to be ridiculed as "The Californian Child Actress," but in the guise of Mlle. Helene d'Aubray made a hit in Paris, is going to make the tour of the United States the next season as a star. Her agent says nothing about her talents, nothing about her play, nothing about her company—



Act V.—Pathos a la Princesse.

but causes the "critics" to be influenced to give a full column to her toilet.

What will be the logical result?

Why, in some town where wit and cynicism govern the dramatic column, some such "notice" as this will appear:

"Last Monday a new and extremely gifted wardrobe was exhibited to a large and delighted audience on the stage of our Opera House. The curtain, in rising upon the first act, disclosed one of the most charming collections of walking-dresses ever seen by our public. A beautiful redingote, made by Pingat, of rhinoceros-skin *creme de coco*, was justly admired, and in the great imploring situation brought down the house. The



deadly threat made by the carriage-dress at the end of Act 2 created a profound sensation, and the garment was twice called before the curtain.

"In Act 3, no language can do justice to the stateliness and solemn dignity of the fur-trimmed po'noise, which was the feature of that act.

"The fourth act was one of the most moving and artistic in the entire performance. Clara Morris, at her emo-

ROLLER RINKLES



Miss Minnie Drew last season made many friends and admirers by her brilliant exhibitions in her native city of Bridgeport, Conn. In the summer of last year she was engaged to appear as the leading attraction at the Olympian Club's rink at Newport, R. I., on the occasion of a gigantic carnival, and her brilliant success there before the immense and fashionable audience at once established her as one of the leading lady skaters of the day. This season her engagement to appear at the Madison Square Garden gave the New York public an opportunity to witness her skill, and she at once made herself a prime favorite.

Master Robbie Wood has added three new suits to his already extensive wardrobe.

It is not generally known that the backer of the Knickerbocker Rink in this city is C. F. Wilsey, the liquor dealer.

The "Skaters' Gazette" is the new paper issued by the Brooklyn Rink. It is ably edited by the veteran Harry Chadwick.

Nilsson Hall has been opened as a skating rink. A Mr. Libby expects to get rich on the scheme, and a new door has been laid.

The veteran ice-skater, John Engler, who, thirty years ago, was the champion of the world, has taken to roller-skating. He is fifty-seven years old.

Miss Jennie Houghton is going to make a tour of the Eastern States. She will be in Boston first, and will then go to Martha's Vineyard. A great welcome awaits her.

John P. Kennedy and Wendell O. Totman engaged in a 3-mile race at the roller rink in East Weymouth, Mass., March 25, the former winning in 7 minutes 50 seconds.

Policeman Alex. Gallagher, while practicing skating in the Pavonia Roller Rink, Jersey City, N. J., March 26, sustained a heavy fall, causing the breaking of his right thigh-bone.

H. A. Bailey beat E. Foster in a 3-mile roller race in St. John, N. B., March 25, both falling on the last lap, Foster losing a skate and Bailey finishing in 11 minutes 14 seconds.

Measurers Marvney & Douglas closed their rink at College Point some time ago on account of a falling off in patronage. Mr. Hugo Freygang, son of the proprietor of the pavilion, reopened the rink last week.

It was not much of an exaggeration when, some weeks ago, we remarked that people were converting their front stoops and areaways into roller-skating rinks. It is a fact that in Philadelphia attics and even second floors of dwellings have been given up to rollering.

Miss Jessie Lafone was in Bridgeport, Conn., recently, and critics were out in force to see her. She captured them, however. Since Miss Lafone made her first appearance in Winslow's Rink, at Cottage City, Martha's Vineyard, she has made wonderful advances in her art.

There was a large crowd at the roller rink in Calais, Me., March 25, to witness a 5-mile race between Leonard Saunders of St. John and Harold Bowman of Eastport, Me., for a purse. Saunders was the winner by a lap, which he gained in the first mile and easily held throughout.

The floor of an Indianapolis skating rink is made entirely of paper. The novel surface for rollerskates has been tested by thousands, who unite in pronouncing it admirably adapted to the purpose, being without joints, perfectly smooth, and, in comparison with wood and cement floors, noiseless.

Will M. Clemens, editor of *Vanity Fair*, says: "After all, the rinks are no worse than other places where young people congregate. I have seen as much flirting in a Methodist prayer-meeting as in a rink. Perhaps there are as many elopements or church pastors and deacons as there are of roller-rink professors."

The Rev. Father Walsh, pastor of the Church of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, at Astoria, Long Island City, in his sermon on Sunday, although not opposing roller-skating as a pastime, did not think the children, especially young girls of a tender age, should be permitted to remain in the rinks until a late hour of the night. He is of the opinion that they should go in the afternoon, when they would be able to return to their homes.

In passing a sentence of thirty days in the workhouse upon August Youngman, convicted of the larceny of a pair of roller-skates, Judge White, of Pittsburg, Pa., said that if Youngman had stolen all the skates in the world and the devices for making them he would have conferred a benefit on humanity and would have deserved to go free, but as he had only stolen one pair it was the Court's duty to inflict the penalty of the law upon him. Judge White must be a professional humorist.



SALLIE REBER,

THE CHARMING YOUNG PRIMA-DONNA NOT ALTOGETHER DISCONNECTED WITH THE MARINE BANK FAILURE.

[Photo by Sarony.]

Sallie Reber.

Miss Sallie Reber, otherwise known as Mrs Laing, who died recently in New Jersey, is said to have been the heroine of a very touching romance, in which Mr James D. Fish, of the Marine Bank, and Grant & Ward fame, played a kind and paternal part. It will be remembered that Mr Fish's friends rather discredited a story which at the time of his arrest, complimented him for his unselfish generosity to a struggling and ambitious young singer.

Thomas Salmon.

The first triple murder in New Hampshire took place at Laconia Nov. 24, 1883. The victims were Mrs. Jane Ford, aged about sixty

Young Elopers Captured.

Philip Sardello, a scissors-grinder was married to Madonna Paolocra, a handsome girl, sixteen years old, Dec 11, by Mayor Edson Madonna, previous to her marriage had many swains paying court to her, which kept Sardello in mortal dread of a rival. He took his bride to

Harlem, and for several months lived in contentment. His happiness was disturbed, however by the appearance of Antonio Lurelio a youthful Sicilian, who wields a razor in a five-cent barber-shop. Lurelio became a constant visitor and showed marked attention to pretty Mrs. Sardello.

He was caught by the husband with his arms

about her neck one night and narrowly dodged an ax which was thrown at him. He remained away a long time and then paid another visit to Mrs. Sardello. Sardello was in the house and had his eyes on the door when Lurelio entered. He struck at him with an ash-hook and pulled a piece of scalp and hair from the ardent lover's head. After this he moved to Thompson street in the hope of ridding himself of his persistent rival but the wily barber was soon seen loitering about the neighborhood, and on Thursday he and Mrs. Sardello eloped and went to No 416 First street, Jersey City, where the barber had some friends.

Sardello, his father-in-law, Poderico Paolocra and two countrymen soon ascertained where the guilty couple were stopping. Sardello swore out a warrant, and the same day Officer White, with Sardello entered the house and captured



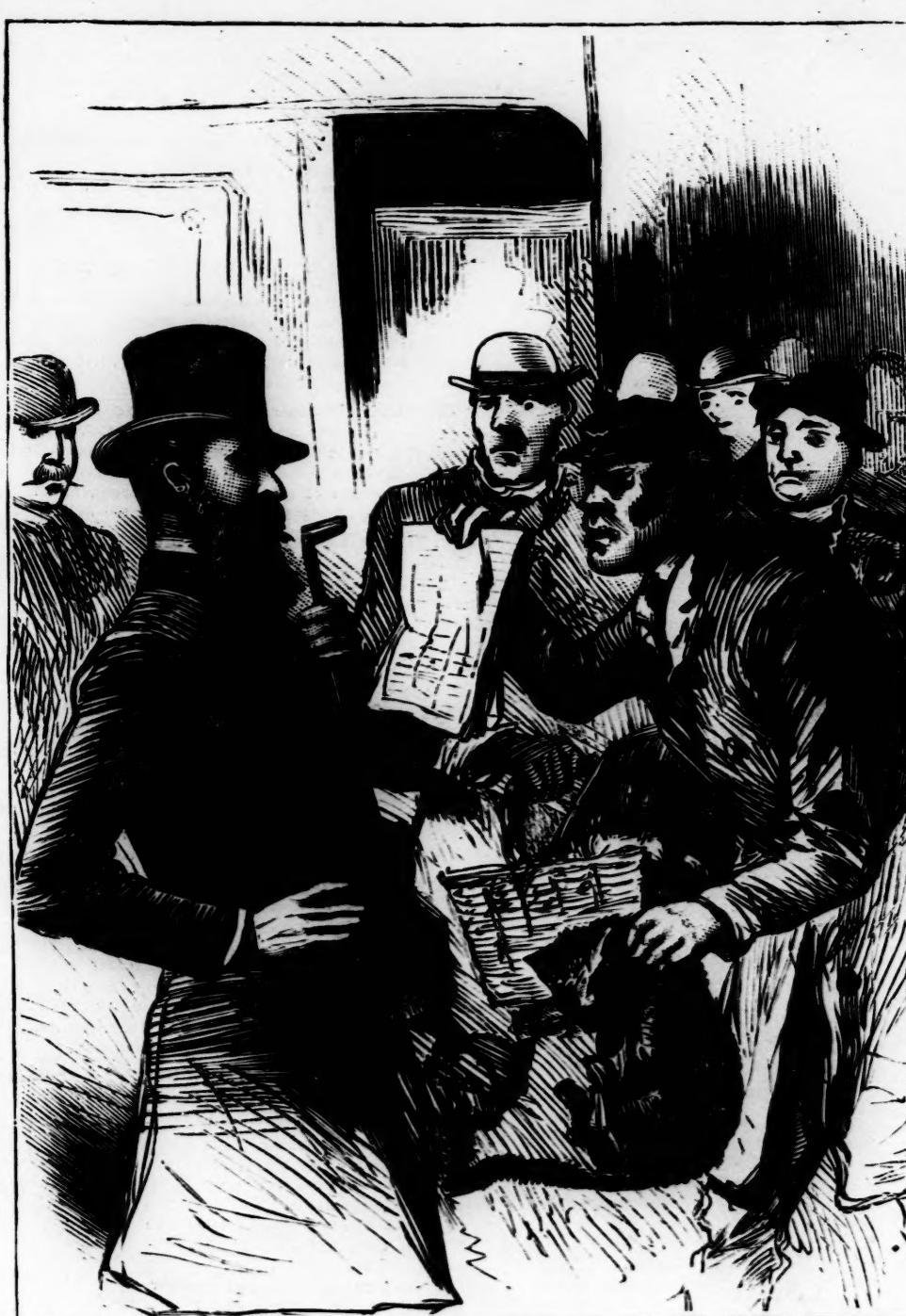
THOMAS SALMON,

THE TRIPLE MURDERER, WHO IS SENTENCED TO BE HANGED APRIL 17, AT LACONIA, N. H.

years, and James Ruddy and his son Frank, the former forty-five years of age and the latter about thirteen months old. The murderer, Thomas Salmon, for many years prior to the crime, pursued the occupation of a hotel cook, being connected with many leading hotels in New Hampshire. At the March term of the Supreme Court, of Belknap county, 1884, he was sentenced to be hanged at Concord on April 17, 1885.

Robert McWade.

Jefferson as *Rip Van Winkle* is immense—but Bob McWade in the same part is gigantic. Everybody knows him, everybody likes him, everybody admires him and everybody will be glad to hear that he is making money by the handful.



HE WAS CONVINCED.

A GIFTED PROFESSOR OF THE SCIENCE OF ELECTRICITY IS INGENIOUSLY CONVERTED TO A BELIEF IN ADVERTISING.



THOMAS JUDSON CLUVERIUS,

CHARGED WITH THE MURDER OF FANNY LILLIAN MADISON.

Lurelio and the runaway wife. The injured husband made a lunge at Lurelio with a stiletto, but his arm was caught.

The party then went to Court and the matter was explained to the magistrate.

"Have you got a marriage certificate to show that she is your wife?" asked Judge Stilting.

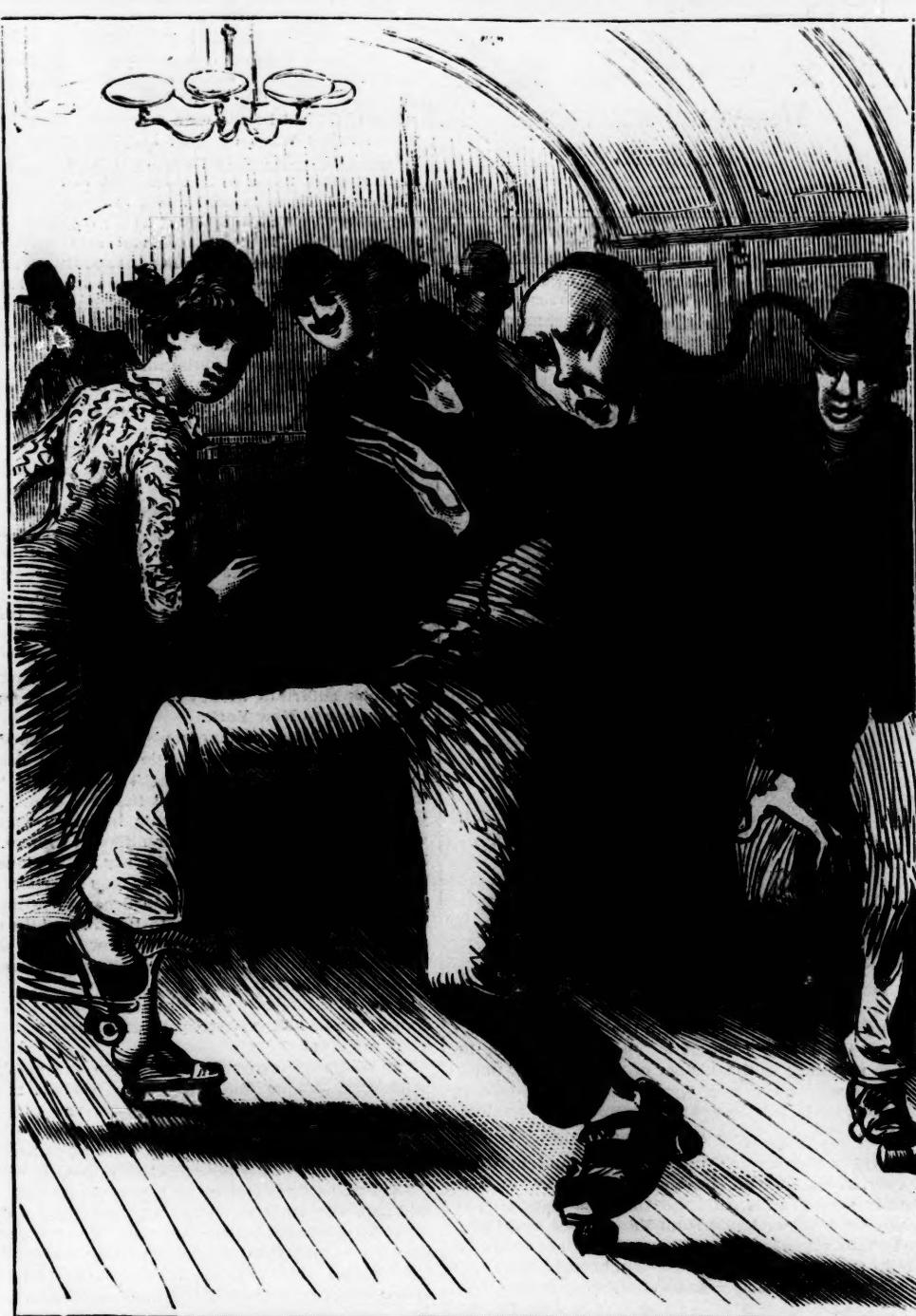
Sardello produced one and the same question was asked of Lurelio, who replied that he had none. The young wife said she would not return to her husband and the couple were held for further examination.

WILLIAM GRIFFIN has been reappointed superintendent of Narragansett Park, where a running meeting will probably be held in August.



THE WORST KIND OF SLAVERY.

A WISCONSIN VILLAIN RUNS A "GIRL FARM" FOR RAISING PROSTITUTES WITH THE HELP OF A PACK OF HOUNDS.



MOON-EYED MONKEY-SHINES.

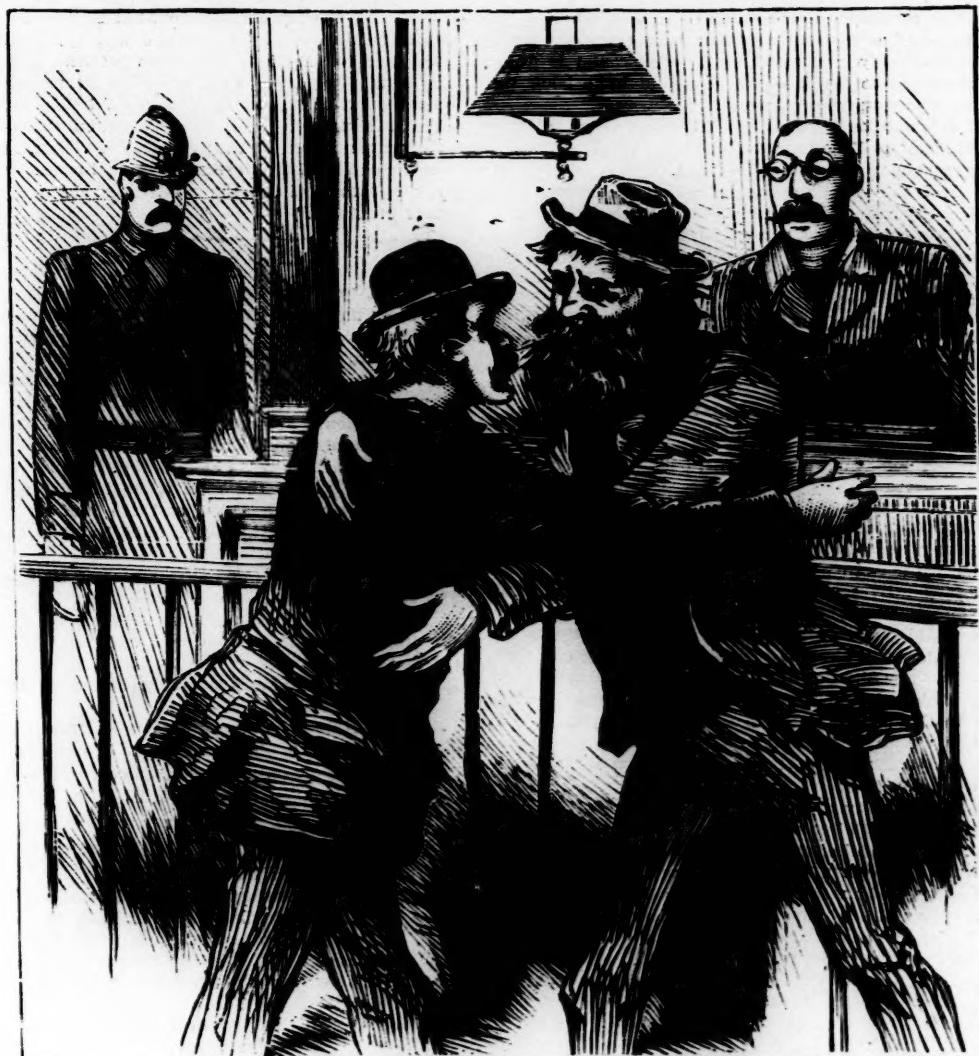
A MORE THAN ORDINARILY HEROIC CHINAMAN LAUNCHES OUT ON A PAIR OF ROLLER-SKATES; NEW YORK CITY.

Capone and Santore, the Maine Italian Murderers.

Raffaele Capone and Carmen Santore are to be hanged at Thomaston, Me., on April 17, for the cruel assassination of their fellow-countryman, Pasquali Cascia. Both of the murderers formerly resided in the City of New York, and are well known in the Italian quarter.

Ex-Mayer Thos. J. Navin.

Mr. Navin is the gentleman who, while holding the important position of Mayor of Adrian, Mich., forged signatures to city bonds for large sums. On being arraigned, recently, for trial, he pleaded guilty, and was sentenced to ten years in State Prison at Jackson.



FATHER AND SON.

A BROKEN-DOWN OLD MAN COMES ACROSS HIS LONG-LOST SON IN THE LODGERS' ROOM OF A BROOKLYN POLICE STATION.



CARMEN SANTORE,
TO BE HANGED FOR THE MURDER OF PASQUALI
CASCIA, AT THOMASTON, ME.
[Photographed by J. C. Higgins, of Bath, Me.]



RAFFAELE CAPONE,
TO HANG FOR THE MURDER OF PASQUALI
CASCIA, AT THOMASTON, ME.
[Photographed by J. C. Higgins, of Bath, Me.]



EDWARD E. SHELL,

SHOT BY KITTY A. REED FOR AN ALLEGED
OUTRAGE.



EX-MAYER THOS. J. NAVIN,

OF ADRIAN, MICH., SENTENCED TO TEN YEARS'
IMPRISONMENT FOR FORGERY.

THIS WICKED WORLD.

A Few Samples of Man's Duplicity and Woman's Worse than Weakness.

THE RICHMOND RESERVOIR TRAGEDY.

We print the portraits of Miss Fannie Lillian Madison, the victim of the terrible crime, and her second cousin, Thomas Judson Cluverius, the all-god murderer of the young lady, whose body was discovered in the Marshall or old reservoir outside of Richmond, Va.



on 14th of last March. The girl was about to become a mother, making the tragedy more horrible. The young man who is charged with the murder has been arrested and is held for trial. The case is one of the most revolting in the history of the State, and much prominence is given to it on account of the good standing of the relations of the victim and the accused.

KLOPING AT FOURTEEN.

David A. Vanderveer is a rich farmer and mill-pit owner, at Manalapan, Monmouth county, N. J. His family consists of a wife and three daughters. The youngest of these, Annie Hunt Vanderveer, who looks to be fully eighteen years of age, although her parents claim that she is less than fourteen, brought sorrow to their home on Sunday evening. She eloped then with James McCormick, a farm-hand in her father's employ. He is about twenty-three years old and good-looking, but not educated. No child, it is said, ever had more indulgent parents. Her home was a good one in every respect, and she was never denied any pleasure. Only a few weeks ago she was entered at the Young Ladies' Seminary in Freehold for a special course in music and other accomplishments. No one suspected that there was any attachment between the couple. If they made love to each other they did it clandestinely. On Sunday evening she said she did not care to go to church, and while the remainder of the family were at the services she packed two trunks with clothing and trinkets. McCormick had a horse and wagon in readiness, and in a short time the couple were on their way to Trenton. The drive is nineteen miles. The roads being heavy, travel is slow, and therefore the fleeing party did not arrive in Trenton until past midnight. The horse was covered with foam and the wagon was shattered, looking as if an accident had been met with.

The elopers repaired to the National Hotel, stopped there during the remainder of the night, and the next afternoon visited the house of Rector Nelson, on State street. The girl signed a necessary paper, certifying that she was over eighteen, and the minister soon pronounced them man and wife. While they were thus being united, Archibald Vandoren, a young man and a cousin of the girl, was in town seeking their arrest. He stated that the parents of the girl were heart-broken over her escapade. They did not know that she had eloped until the next morning, when neighbors informed them of the fact. The young man traced the couple to the National Hotel, where Sergt. Sweeney took them both in custody, on a warrant issued by Justice Bodine. McCormick was charged with abduction. Under a State law marriage with a girl less than eighteen years of age, against the will of her parents, is a misdemeanor punishable by imprisonment for five years, or by fine not exceeding \$5,000, or both. McCormick confessed that he had run away with the child, and she admitted that she told the minister that she was of age. McCormick, not being able to give \$1,000 bail, was sent to jail to await trial. The girl refused to accompany her cousin to Manalapan. She wears a green cloth dress, and is a pretty vivacious and bright-eyed blonde.

WEDDED TO A CYPRIAN.

It is on record that men will do almost anything to get a little money when they are in a pinch, but the most novel transaction in that line occurred in Judge Rogers' court in Chicago a week ago. About two years ago Albert C. Scott, of New York city, went to Chicago with \$10,000 in his fist. He drifted in the direction of Fourth avenue and became an abode of Mollie Fitche's place, at 114 Fourth avenue. Miss Annette Barnett, one of the "star boarders" there, became his affinity, and after a season of dalliance the pair left for Europe, where they managed to spend the greater part of the \$10,000. Xenophon's retreat of the 10,000 was not a circumstance to the departure of those ducats. They managed to get back to Chicago, however.

Not long ago Scott was indicted for embezzling \$200 from the two firms of Wilson Bros. and Reiser & Ritz. Money was necessary to pay his attorney his fees and the costs in the case. An aunt of Scott's had left him a legacy of \$5,000, the half of which was to be given him on his wedding day. Accordingly a license was procured, and Mr. Albert C. Scott, late of New York, but now of the county jail, linked his fortunes with those of Miss Annette Barnett, 114 Fourth avenue.

The bride was flooded in tears, and was too full of emotion to do more than nod her head when Judge Rogers asked her if she would be a true, loving, faith-

ful and obedient wife. After the brief ceremony the groom handed the bride a paneboard box, in which lay a bouquet of orange flowers and lilies, which she smelled and, smiling through her tears, said were lovely.

UNCLE AND NIECE.

One night last December a Brooklyn philanthropist, whose name when engaged in philanthropic enterprises is Col. Walter Hayward, but who has another and a shorter name when concerned in the ordinary business of life, sauntered along Sixth avenue in this city observing "the elephant" as he disports himself after nightfall. The "colonel" is tall and distinguished in appearance. His hair is gray and so is his mustache. He carries his head well and plants his well-shaped feet with decision. He is somewhat advanced in the fifties, and under his ordinary citizen's name has had two wives, the later of whom still lives. Between eleven and twelve our philanthropist entered a place in which, besides the male occupants, a number of ladies, more or less youthful, of the area type, sat at tables discussing refreshments.

A particularly handsome girl of apparently twenty summers attracted his attention. He at once asked if she would take something. The beverage was brought and the two entered into conversation. Her name, he speedily ascertained, was Annie. She spoke with an English accent, and he learned in a few minutes that she had been in this country about five weeks. She was a merchant's daughter of Manchester, and her home had been, oh! so charmingly happy till her mother died and a stepmother took her place. This stepmother was of the real high tragedy order. Driven to desperation, Annie "went through" the cash-box and took sufficient money to pay her passage from Manchester to New York.

The Brooklyn philanthropist was touched by the story, and, like the gentle lady who listened to Othello's tale, he swore "twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful." He hinted that her beauty, her youth and her accomplishments indicated that she was designed to move in a far different sphere. "I have an Mes," said the philanthropist; "I'll place you in a respectable house, and allow you a certain sum per week until you can earn a decent livelihood." Not without a suspicious eye to "business," the demurel asked how much he would allow her per week. Twenty dollars and fifteen dollars were successively named and rejected.

"I owe the landlady some money," she said in substance, "and I will have to pay her before I can take away my trunk."

The landlady's account footed up in the neighborhood of \$20, and he finally agreed to pay this and allow the nymph \$15 per week. Under these circumstances it was arranged that they meet the next night at 10 o'clock. This being settled, the philanthropist handed the siren \$70 wherewith to liquidate her debts.

Next night she was true to her appointment. She said that her trunk was at an express office, whither it had been removed during the day. The philanthropist also had a favorable report to offer. During the day he had been making a tour of the "furnished apartments" advertised in the newspapers and had lit on a nice large room of the "dandy" type. Next day about noon they went to the express office and had the trunk sent to an address on the lower west side of the city. There they found the landlady a thorough, obliging and business woman, apparently not a victim of curiosity.

"I am Col. Walter Hayward, of Washington, and this is my niece, Miss Maud Prescott," said the philanthropist, sentimentally.

Arrangements for boarding the young lady having been satisfactorily agreed to, the philanthropist took his departure, promising to call in the evening. As it subsequently appeared, his visits were usually made at the evening hour, and he usually left at 9 o'clock to go to Brooklyn. Before many days elapsed the landlady and "Miss Maud Prescott" understood each other perfectly. Soon the philanthropist's visits settled down to three evenings per week, and the niece was always on hand to welcome him and to unfold to him her latest wants. Some of these wants as supplied by the philanthropic uncle may be here enumerated: A plush aqua, \$20; a gold watch, \$50; chain, \$5; four dresses, \$20, \$25, \$30 and \$35 respectively; five hats cost a total of \$97; two dozen kid gloves, \$35; muff, \$25; three finger rings, \$20; underclothing, \$97; shoes, \$45. During New Year's week she struck for extra allowance, and he was ultimately compelled to give her \$25 per week and pay her board besides. In the middle of January she demanded \$30 per week. He put his foot down, and said he couldn't afford so much.

"You are Mr. So-and-so, of Brooklyn," she said, shaking her jeweled finger in front of her "uncle's" shapely nose, "and you have got to pay me the money."

And like Capt. Scott's coon, he came down the tree. Moreover, he found it expedient to make the landlady a substantial money present; for it appears that respectable woman had overheard some remarks spoken in a loud tone of voice by the niece while addressing her uncle. With this incantant drain upon his pockets, backed by threats of exposure, the philanthropist of Brooklyn had a rough road to travel, but he trod it successfully and unflinchingly up to the beginning of February last, when another character appeared on the scene and burst up the little arrangement.

Entering the room of his "niece" one evening at the usual hour, conceive his consternation on beholding two persons seated at table eating heartily of beef-steak and onions, washed down with coffee. The one was Maud. Her vis-a-vis was of the masculine persuasion and of the master school, his age apparently on the verge of thirty.

"Aha! a friend—ah—Maudie!" said the philanthropist, in a hiccupping way, standing within the door and gazing to the temple.

"Yes," said Maudie, "he's my husband. Didn't I tell you about him before?"

"Your husband! Tell me about him! Ha! ha! ha!" cried the "colonel," growing semi-hysterical and bawling with rage. "It's a confounded lie! Get out of here, sir!"—(addressing the master, who looked at home and amused)—"I tell you, git out! These are my apartments and this lady is under my protection!"

The masculine fiend lay back in his chair and laughed and laughed.

"You're a nice sort of an old vagabond to order a man out of his wife's room," he drawled. "Old man, I know you. I've been laying for you. This here game's been going on long enough; and now git out!"

The muscular interloper rose threateningly as he uttered the imperative invitation, and the philanthropist stood no longer on the order of going, but went nimbly.

A few days after, the old gentleman caused Miss Maud Prescott's arrest on the ground of stealing a

gold watch and chain and a diamond ring. The person by the name of Charlie, who, it appears, is her lawful husband, employed Howe and Hummel to defend her in any action that might be brought. The lady was quickly released on bail of a nominal amount, for it was soon made pretty evident that there was no stealing in the case. Finding that there were likely to be some staggering revelations if the case came to trial, the venerable prosecutor last week, through his lawyer, formally withdrew his charges against the lady, a poorer, but a wiser man.

HE WAS INSANELY JEALOUS.

Proceedings have been instituted in the Supreme Court, of King's county, by Mrs. Potter for limited divorce from her husband, Frank M. Potter. Mrs. Potter comes of a good family. She is a handsome brunette and an heiress. She is an exceptionally accomplished musical artist and a vocalist of rare culture. Mr. Potter is interested in the business management of the Erie Railroad. He has lived with his wife for some time in comfortable style on Lawrence street. Mrs. Potter alleges in her complaint that her husband is of an insanely jealous disposition and that she has not been permitted to speak to any of her gentlemen acquaintances.

In July following her marriage she alleges her husband, in a sudden fit of rage, threw her through a glass door, causing a painful injury to her shoulder. He also caught one of her fingers between his teeth and bit it so that she suffered severely for several weeks. The only other specific act of cruelty charged occurred on the third of last month. Mrs. Potter says that she was with her husband at a house in Sandgate on the above date, and says that he lost his temper and dragged her down the stairs and through the house. She refused to live with him afterward, and is now stopping, it is said, at the residence of her sister on Bedford avenue, Williamsburgh. The defense has not filed an answer to the complaint.

THE BOLD, BAD MAN!

(Subject of Illustration.)

Miss Clara Morris, the celebrated actress, figured in an impromptu scene in front of the Everett House lately, from the nervous effects of which she has not yet entirely recovered. Unlike most famous actresses who love poodles, Spitz-dogs and terriers, Miss Morris is deeply attached to the horse. She loves to pat his silken neck and feed him, and when it is a particularly pretty specimen she doesn't hesitate to throw her arms around his head and kiss him. The other day Miss Morris indulged herself in quiet admiration of a well-fed bay that stood in front of the Everett House, attached to a canopy cab. Presently the lady left her room, having provided herself with several pieces of loof sugar, and walked out of the hotel. Approaching the horse she caressed him, and was about to hand him some sugar when a well-dressed young man wearing a single-barreled eye-glass approached her and with mock politeness requested a little of the sugar for himself. Miss Morris paid no attention to the stranger, but kept right on filling the horse's mouth with sugar. The horse was careful not to bite her fingers off, and whisked his tail as evidence of his ability to endure the treatment indefinitely.

"Excuse me," said the young man behind the eye-glass, "but this is my horse, miss, and I claim the same attention for myself that you are giving him."

Miss Morris said nothing in reply, but gave the fellow a look which would certainly have withered anything a degree less fresh than he. The slim, however, positively refused to be withered, and to the horror of Miss Morris and several ladies who observed the assault from the hotel windows, he sprang forward and encircled the fair actress in his arms. Miss Morris gave a piercing scream and then fainted. The alert hotel clerk arrived upon the scene in time to break her fall to the pavement, which might have resulted seriously. Alarmed at the commotion he had raised the lady's assailant sprang into the cab, and promising the sleepy driver a handsome reward to drive "anywhere" as quick as he could, was soon whisked out of sight. Miss Morris was carried into the hotel, and after receiving medical attention was taken to the house of a friend, where she now remains. She is considerably prostrated by the shock, and is deeply mortified to think that she should have been thus rudely assaulted on the public highway.

It is not the first time that ladies have been subjected to insult on Union square, but this is the first instance of so daring an assault at midday.

It is the opinion of the police that the fellow, whose identity cannot be ascertained until the driver of the yellow cab is found, is a well-dressed and expert Kansas City thief, who is now believed to be in this city, and whose description tallies with that of Miss Morris' assailant.

At the time of the assault Miss Morris had upon her person several valuable articles of jewelry, and the purse attached to her belt contained considerable money. She says she has lost nothing that she is aware of, but this is perhaps due to the promptness with which she called for help.

THE DOG HEARD HER CRY.

Forty armed and mounted men have ransacked all Baltimore county searching for Howard Cooper, the young negro who feloniously assaulted Miss Kate Gray, the twenty-year-old daughter of Mr. D. C. Gray, a farmer living near Rockland. The pursuers are all young farmers, and they carry with them twenty feet of half-inch hemp, with which they do not hesitate to say they will hang Cooper as soon as they can catch him. The Sheriff's officers are with them, but it is not probable that they can arrest the vengeance of the pursuing party. Cooper's crime was an atrocious one. His victim is a bright and pretty young woman, a school-teacher, and the belle of the rural district in which she lives.

On Thursday afternoon, April 2, Miss Kate Gray, in company with her sister, Susie, went to the railroad station, one mile from the house, where Susie took a train. Kate then started home and alone. When she had reached a retired spot about half way between the station and her home she saw a colored man get over the fence. His looks alarmed her, and she began to walk on more quickly. The negro also quickened his pace, and coming up with her, made insulting proposals. Although much frightened, she picked up a large stone and hurled it at the negro, striking him in the face. He then seized her, and a desperate struggle ensued. He dragged her to the fence, over which he threw her, and at once attempted an assault. Her resistance was so great that, fearing some one would hear her, he dragged her 200 yards into the woods, down a hill, and into a secluded ravine about 300 yards from her father's gate, where he again attempted an assault.

After a struggle of about an hour, he led her to a stream of water, where he ordered her to wash the blood from her face and hands. She did so. He then proposed to let her go if she would promise not to tell of the assault. She made the promise, but he immediately repeated the attempt, and she fainted. When she recovered he threatened to kill her, and, picking up a heavy stick, raised it over her. She thought he meant to foil his threat, and she knelt down at his feet and prayed to God to pity her. When she had finished, he again raised his club. Then she gave one last despairing shriek, which was heard at her home, but was not understood by any one.

Her large Scotch shepherd dog heard the cry, and sprang across an intervening cornfield at break-neck speed. Plunging down the ravine, the dog dashed in the direction of his mistress, who caught sight of him at the moment the club was raised in air. She sprang to one side, and, with a last effort, ran toward her protector. The negro followed, but the dog sprang between them, and the girl shrieked incrementally. Becoming alarmed, Cooper threw his club at the dog and fled down the ravine. The girl tottered across the cornfield, fainting twice. The barking of her dog called the family to the front porch, where she was found insensible.

Mr. Gray seized his shotgun, and, riding into the village, called for volunteers to search for the negro. Every able-bodied man responded. At about 9 o'clock that night the sheriff and his deputy traced Cooper to a hut in the woods, near Towson. One approached from the rear and the others from the front. The night being dark, Cooper managed to escape by jumping from a side window. Eight shots were fired at his retreating figure without effect. He was traced for several hundred yards, and then his track was lost. His cap and vest were found in the hut.

THE WAYS OF ELEPHANTS.

Particulars in Which They Resemble Human Beings.

"An elephant is nobody's fool," said George Arstingall, the animal trainer, as he leaned over the ropes and looked at two score of huge pets. "They're very like human creatures. Some of them are good-natured and some are ugly. As they grow older their tempers grow worse. The cow is generally amiable enough to support the reputation of her sex, but occasionally we strike a wicked specimen. Jumbo, there," pointing to an elephant whose immense ears and abnormally developed bump of philoprogenitiveness gave her a look of preternatural benevolence, "has killed her man, and would do it again if she got the chance. The elephant will live a long time in captivity after he has become accustomed to dry food, but, like the cobbler's horse that was kept on shoe-pegs, he is very apt to die before adapting himself to the diet. Elephants have been known to live seventy-five years in Europe. In India, where they feed on green food, canes and the like, they often attain the age of one hundred and fifty. There is no proof of a longer life than this, though big stories are told of elephants turned loose after the name of some king had been inscribed upon their tusks being found again 300 or 400 years later.

"They're just like children. When I have them out in the morning for a dress rehearsal, they're as quick as cats, minding almost before the word is out of my mouth. But in the afternoon they are gaping this way and that, doing everything but attending to business, because they know that I won't strike them before a crowd of spectators. They hate to take medicine, too, unless it has a little of the 'craythorn' in it. Are elephants ever sick? Oh, yes! They often have the colic. When they begin to double up I give 'em a dose of five or six gallons of rum and ginger. That straightens 'em out. An equal quantity of boiled linseed oil mixed with aconite and molasses does for physic, while about five gallons of rum and whisky are prescribed for chills. Solid drugs are given in pills. A pill eight inches in diameter and containing \$6 worth of quinine does the business for a cold, while a pepin pill is given when one gets off his feed. I gave Juso over \$50 worth of quinine in one fit of sickness. They don't like the pills as well as the whisky, and it's a good deal of a job to get them down. The best way is to put a pill on the end of a stick, make them open their mouths, and shove it down before they realize the situation. Sometimes we cut out the middle of a turnip and put the drug inside the vegetable, but like the bad child in the Sunday-school book, they're very apt to 'split out the core.' Yes, elephants are queer creatures."

HE REALLY SAW SNAKES.

One of City Works Commissioner Fleeman's assistants went down into the Democratic Twelfth ward in Brooklyn, the other day, on business connected with the department. He visited several establishments which are governed by the Excise Commission. On leaving a place on Van Brunt street the municipal employee suddenly showed symptoms of an attack of delirious tremors and ran down the street shouting for a policeman and pointing behind him.

"Snakes!" yelled the man when he met a blue-coat. "Look up the street and see 'em wriggling about in the gutter, big black ones," and he darted away.

The patrolman went up to the corner of Van Brunt and Tremont streets, and a few feet from the sewer-opening he saw a black snake curled up on a stone sunning itself. A few sharp raps with the club dispatched the early visitor from the stony region of Bay Ridge. It measured four feet in length and was nearly as large around as a man's wrist.

Sergeant Kenney communicated with Police Headquarters, and one of the dead animal trucks removed the snake. The municipal employee really believes that he "had 'em."

EDWARD E. SHELL.

[With Portrait.]

This young man is the person who, it is alleged, outraged the person of Miss Little A. Reed, at Sharpsville, Pa., whom he had promised to marry. The young lady revenged the horrible crime by shooting him on the evening of the 4th of February last, but unfortunately did not kill him. Miss Reed was recently tried and acquitted by a fearless jury.

HORSEFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

A QUADRUPLE TRAGEDY.

An Entire Family In North Carolina
Murdered and the House
Burned.

The most brutal murder ever enacted in the mountains of North Carolina was perpetrated in the lovely valley of Hominy, fourteen miles west of Asheville, N. C., April 4.

A passing neighbor discovered the residence of Perrin Joyce, an aged citizen, in ashes, in the midst of which lay the charred remains of Mr. Joyce, seventy-three years old, his daughter, Margaret Joyce, thirty years old, Charles Joyce, a grandson, four years old, and a maiden lady, Mary Rice, fifty years old. The alarm was immediately given, and the terrible news spread like wild-fire. Several hundred excited citizens were soon on the scene. It gradually became apparent that the horrible tragedy was the work of human fiends, and the excitement became unbounded. The coroner was sent for, and, accompanied by a POLICE GAZETTE correspondent, visited the scene. When within three miles of the locality the public roads were found almost literally lined with excited mountaineers on foot, on horseback and in vehicles who were pushing on, prompted by curiosity or sympathy or a desire to aid in the investigation. Every class of citizens was represented.

In a beautiful little cove nestling under Pisgat Mountain was the scene of this horrible crime. A jury was impaneled by Coroner Watson and immediately entered upon an investigation. Witnesses were summoned and many circumstances recited by them soon warranted the conclusion of murder. The charred remains of old Mr. Joyce and his family were found in exactly the places they were known by their neighbors to have occupied in the room. The house was a small frame building one and a half stories high, and Mr. Joyce was not accustomed to lock his door at night. He had a large sum of money in his house, which fact was generally known among the neighbors. In accordance with these and other circumstances after a day's session the jury rendered the following verdict:

"After a review of all the testimony to be procured the jury find that J. P. Joyce, Margaret Joyce, with Charley Joyce and Mary Rice, came to their death some time between the hours of 3 o'clock Friday evening, April 3, and 5 o'clock Saturday morning, April 4, by being burned in their house, presumably having been first murdered and the house fired to cover up a most foul and diabolical murder; the deed having been perpetrated by parties unknown to us."

During the investigation the excitement over the horrible crime became general, and when finally the verdict was rendered the indignation of the citizens was almost unbounded. The jury took the liberty to appoint three picked men to ride the surrounding country in quest of the perpetrators, and thus committee was aided by scores of mounted mountaineers who scoured the country in all directions.

While the evidence furnished by neighbors does not implicate any one by name, the disappearance of certain men who were working for farmers near by has led to the belief that their arrest is fully warranted by the circumstances, and this is the clew which is being followed. Others say there were suspicious characters seen loitering in the neighborhood, and the mounted pursuers will take into custody any of these they may find. The bodies were so charred that it was impossible to tell whether the victims were shot down or stabbed; but diligent search is being made for weapons that may have been thrown away by the murderers in their flight, and there is a possibility of finding more conclusive evidence on the persons of those arrested.

HE WAS CONVINCED.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Prof. Gisborne Ward is a mild-mannered gentleman, whose nimble fingers waft the lightning over many a mile of Jersey meadow from the Western Union Telegraph main office at No. 197 Broadway. Unfortunately he is so devoted to scientific pursuits that he sometimes loses sight of contemporary events. One day last week he was discussing the Metropolitan press with his friend, Major Kavanagh, and cast a doubt on the value of advertising. Major Kavanagh was indignant.

"Why, my dear fellow," said he, "I'll bet you anything you choose that a little two-line 'want' advertisement will bring you scores of answers."

"I'm sorry to doubt your statement, but I can't believe it. I never bet, you know," answered Prof. Ward, turning to resume his "Essay on Static Resistance in Rubim-Korf Coils."

"I'll convince you, all the same," said the Major, as he walked away.

In Friday morning's *World*, away down at the foot of the "Wanted, Males," column, appeared the following:

WANTED—Maltese cat; best price paid. Apply all the week. Gibson Ward, 197 Broadway.

Prof. Ward was merrily humming "Spring, Gentle Spring," as he tripped up the stairs to the operating-room that morning. He glanced curiously at a group of men and boys who stood about the door bearing mysterious-looking bags and baskets from which smothered "meows" came forth.

"Ah, there, professor! There's the man ye are waiting for," said burly Doorkeeper Tom Finnegan, turning to the crowd. In an instant they swarmed around the scientist, and began opening their baskets.

"Why, bless me!—this is some mistake," he began, pleasantly, "I have no appointment with you, gentlemen."

"Yer alint, hey?" said a brawny six-footer. "Isn't yer name Ward? It is; well, just look at this here," and he handed him a marked copy of the *Word*. "Now, there's yer advertisement, and here's yer cat. B'gosh he's a corker, Tom is, but you kin have him for \$15, becos I'm most broke."

"But I don't want any cat, my dear sir; the fact is—"

"Ye don't want that beautiful cat? Now, look here; take him for \$10. What? Ye won't? Ye don't want that animal, the pride of Hohokus?"

"Take away your vile cat, sir, or I will call the police," stammered Prof. Ward, trembling, but determined to show a bold front. The Jerseyman dropped the cat and made a dive for the professor, just as he disappeared inside the doors. Then Doorkeeper Tom Finnegan wrestled with the crowd. There were twenty men, with a fair sprinkling of boys.

"I was never so busy since Matthew Arnold was

here," said Tom afterward; "it took fifteen minutes of hard speechifying to drive them off."

But this was only a beginning. All day the people kept swarming in with Maltese tabbies and Toms of all ages. Mr. H. H. Ward, the cashier of the company, has his office on the ground floor. As each new-comer arrived he asked: "Where is Mr. Ward?" and the porter directed him to the cashier's desk. There was a line of twenty-five men and women at his window at 10 o'clock.

Mr. Ward finally had to call in a policeman to keep the throng away. Each one of the three elevators carried a load of cat purveyors on every trip. A big, fierce-looking Tom escaped in one of them, frightened a bevy of young lady operators, and then sprang out and led the porters a lively chase through the corridors of the fourth floor. Men and women of all nationalities besieged the operating-room all day. Occasionally one would dart past the doorkeeper, hurry to Prof. Ward's desk and drop a cat on it.

At 4 o'clock, the professor, pale and exhausted, asked Manager Brennan to let him go home. "If I stay here any longer, I'll die," he pleaded. He was allowed to retire and as he passed down the stairs he was hailed by a strapping negro, who carried a bag slung over his left arm and kept his right hand in his coat-tail pocket. "Say, boss, is dar a man named Ward up hear?" he asked. "I reckon I'll hurt him for foolin' me wid dat advertisement." Prof. Ward fled. His friends have not seen him since.

AFFECTION IN AN ELEVATED CAR.

Passengers on a New York elevated train going up town the other night were treated to a pantomime quite as amusing as most performances which are witnessed from orchestra chairs. An affectionate young couple sat on one of the cross seats, and close behind them was a mischief-loving messenger-boy who listened to their low-voiced conversation and tried to translate it into sign-language for the benefit of others who were out of ear-shot. The young woman was vivacious and pretty, with most expressive eyes and a mouth so flexible that her words were almost visible. Her companion was a meek youth, and he seemed to be so much absorbed in the conversation as to be completely oblivious of his surroundings. The messenger put his hand to his ear and listened intently while the happy pair communed with their faces almost touching. Then the boy placed his hand on his heart, cast his eyes toward the ceiling of the car and by rapid contortions of his features managed to express mingled emotions of love and longing. He listened again and tore his hair in token of despairing love. After another pause he clasped his hands and twisted his body about to indicate that the young man was pleading a tender case. A bewitching look was in the young woman's eyes, and her lips, close to those of the young man, were set in such expectant curves that the passengers could hardly refrain from inquiring:

"Why don't you kiss her?"

The messenger had placed his forefinger in his mouth and had puffed out his cheeks until they seemed ready to burst. When he suddenly drew his finger out again there was a loud report like the popping of a champagne cork. The young couple looked startled and blushed, and the other passengers laughed heartily.

FRANK HARRIS.

[With Portrait.]

The above athlete is the only ice and roller exhibitor in the world. He was born in New York in 1849, standing 5 feet 8 inches and weighing about 155 pounds. At the age of nine he received his first fancy-skating lesson on the ice from Jackson Haines. In '73 he managed and skated on the rollers at the old Brooklyn Rink, Clermont avenue, and at the Uica Rink, New York. He skated against J. H. Fenton, the champion of the West, at Utica, in the spring of '79. Out of a vote of 600 in audience, Fenton led by four votes. Thirteen votes deposited with the door-keeper for Harris were not counted. Harris challenged Fenton for \$300 to skate next day, but the deal was not accepted. Harris will skate any man in the world two matches, in combination, one ice and one roller, for any amount. He follows the ice movement in all his exhibitions, doing some 30 figures, including forty grapevines and combinations. He does not claim a figure done on flat foot and toes as two figures, but only one. He does more combination and complex steps than any one in the business, and he is very anxious to meet some of the so-called fancy skaters.

A STRANGE CASE.

On Friday last a lady patient in the West Pennsylvania Hospital, at Pittsburgh, Pa., aged thirty-three years, and the mother of four children, was operated upon for abdominal tumor. When the abnormal growth was removed it was found to be the fully developed body of a female a foot or more in length, with a full set of teeth, hair six or eight inches long, and of an age corresponding to the age of the lady herself, implying, of course, that it sprung into existence at the time of the birth of the lady, and had been nurtured by her up to its removal with the knife. In other words, it was her twin sister, which had become an unknown part of herself. The hospital physician, who has the "deed" yet in his possession, claims that there is but one other similar case on record. The lady is in a fair way to recover.

THEATRE PARTIES.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A new form of "sawcetly" entertainment has come into vogue among our so-called "fashionables." Six or eight "swells" and "swellesses" go in a gang to some theatre, occupy seats alongside each other and prattle, without intermission, during the entire performance. At the Metropolitan Opera House one night a justly indignant German gentleman rose in his seat and publicly rebuked an ill-mannered "theatre party" in his neighborhood.

LILLIE GRUBB.

[With Portrait.]

She is beautiful—in spite of her name. In fact, instead of being a grubb, she is a full-blown butterfly, and dudedom adores her. By paying one dollar, she can be seen in all her charms at the Bijou Opera House in "Adonis."

\$1.00 will pay for copy of GAZETTE 13 weeks, mailed regularly to your address.

NEVADA'S JEWELS.

The Dazzling Collection of Precious Stones Owned by the California Songstress.

First there comes a lizard several inches long, literally crusted with diamonds, with ruby eyes. It was given to her at the first private soiree at which she sang in Paris by a gentleman who for political reasons had been banished from France. A banquet and soiree were given to commemorate his return at which all the most celebrated diplomats in Paris were present. Next comes a pin, with a bird representing the Mysole, to whom she sings the bird-song in the "Pearl of Brazil," and which is introduced in "Mirella." Around the bird are diamonds representing notes. This was given by Baron Haussmann. A narrow gold bracelet, with a bangle of a circle of diamonds inclosing the letter E in sapphires, was another of Baron Haussmann's gifts, and a third one is a broad Etruscan band of gold. A pair of splendid solitaire pearl ear-drops were thrown in a bouquet at her last appearance in the "Pearl of Brazil," in Paris. Another present received at the same time in the same manner was a narrow circle of gold with a large pearl above the clasp.

An odd design for a jewel is a large nail, with a splendid diamond for the head, given by her father at her debut on the operatic stage to commemorate her first nail driven in her art. A pair of huge diamond ear-rings were given by ex-Queen Isabella, of Spain. A horseshoe pin of emeralds, with a row of diamonds beneath, were given by the children of a French lady, whose guest she was recently. A large turquoise, encircled with diamonds, was given by a subscription gotten up by the directors of the theatre in Padua at her last appearance in Italy. A ring of three large diamonds was given by the officers of an American flagship stationed at Nice two winters ago. A beautiful solitaire diamond was presented by the Queen of Italy, who heard her at La Scala in Milan in "Sonnambula." An exquisite pin, in the form of a beetle, was given by Lotta, the American actress, who met Mlle. Nevada some little time ago in Paris. The body is a large, beautiful pearl, the head a cat's eye, the eyes rubies, wings and feelers diamonds. A comb with a diadem of diamonds was given by Mme. Trebat, the famous art patron, who was a friend of Mendelssohn, Meyerbeer and Felicien David, the latter the composer of the "Pearl of Brazil." A lovely antique necklace of Egyptian coins, with a bracelet to match, was given to her by the American Minister in Vienna.

A beautiful necklace of small diamonds, with a diamond cross, was a present from Miss Eva Mackay upon the occasion of Miss Nevada's baptism in the Roman Catholic Church. A heavy chain, with crosses of diamonds an inch apart, is a handsome bracelet, from which a chased ball, covered with diamonds, and a crown of diamonds above the ball, was a present from one of the crowned heads of Europe whose name was not mentioned. In the bottom of the ball is a tiny watch. One of her most prized jewels is a beautiful rosary of gold and coral, given to her by the Countess Tiefenre, who had it blessed by the Pope. The handsomest of all these costly ornaments was a pendant formed of a shell of splendid diamonds nearly two inches across the longest part; above the shell was a lyre of large diamonds forming laurel leaves. In the center of the shell a large, beautiful, pear-shaped pearl hung from a tiny chain of diamonds. The whole was a present from Mrs. Mackay, and the shell is emblematic of the State of California lying on the border of the Pacific ocean. The lyre is to remind of her first scene in "Mignon," and the pearl of her success in the "Pearl of Brazil." The pendant Mlle. Nevada wears suspended from two strings of pearls given her by the Princess Dolgorouki.

TOM CLEARY.

[With Portrait.]

Tom Cleary was born at Newburgh, N. Y., Nov. 20, 1864. He stands 5 feet 7 inches in height, and his fighting weight is 160 pounds. Cleary's first fight was with Frank Johnson, of Sacramento, for a purse of \$100, at Harry Haynard's, May 20, 1884, when Cleary knocked him out in the third round. He next beat Al. Stewart for a purse of \$150, at Harry Maynard's, Aug. 20, 1884. Then Cleary defeated Tom Wallag, the great middle-weight champion, for a \$200 purse, at Harry Maynard's, Sept. 18, 1884. He beat Pat Foley for a purse of \$300, at the Wigwam, Nov. 17, 1884, and beat Bill Manning for a \$100 purse, given by Mr. Henderson, of Louisville, Ky., and Gleason, of Chicago, Ill., at Harry Maynard's, Dec. 6, 1884. He beat Manning a second time, the winner to take seventy-five and the loser twenty-five per cent. of the gate money, on Dec. 20, 1884. Cleary will fight any man in the world at 140 pounds, the winner to take all the door receipts, or he is willing to stand before any 170-pound man for four rounds, the winner to take all the door receipts.

A CHILD-MOTHER.

Mattie Emerick, a girl thirteen years old, has confessed to being the mother of the child found on the ash-pile in Flax Factory hill, Peru, Ind. She is an orphan, well developed for her age, and after the death of her parents she was taken by a farmer, of Huntington county, to raise. She arrived in Peru just three weeks ago and went to work in the flax factory. She worked every day, and on Wednesday evening, while on her way from work, between 6 and 7 o'clock, she slipped into the alley and gave birth to the child. She says she remembers nothing of the circumstances. She left the alley at half-past seven o'clock and went to sleep, ate heartily, went to bed all right, and proceeded to work the next morning as though nothing bad happened. She afterward became sick, and while ill confessed all about it. She does not realize that she has committed any crime, and begs not to be put in jail.

DEATH RATHER THAN PRISON.

Alvin Allen, of Walcott, Vt., while being pursued in Manson, Iowa, by a posse of men who wished to arrest him for forgery, fired four bullets at his pursuers, and the fifth through his own brain, killing himself instantly. Letters found on his person indicate that he was a fugitive from justice elsewhere, and resolved never to be taken alive. At Richards' bank he presented three notes, one of \$100 and two of \$50 each purporting to be signed by George and M. M. Smith. The banker discovered that they were forgeries, and refused to buy them. After leaving the bank, Allen purchased a revolver and started to leave the city on foot, following the railroad track. The Marshal, with his posse, followed and overtook him. When Allen commenced firing the Marshal ordered one of his men

to fire on Allen. He did so twice, without serious effect, and as the pursuers closed on him, Allen placed his revolver to his ear and fired. He was about twenty-one years old.

A SAD MEETING.

The Chance Encounter of Father and Son in the Lodging-Room of a Station-House.

[Subject of Illustration.]

About 7 o'clock, on the evening of April 6, an elderly man with a large growth of hair on his face and whose countenance betokened that he had seen better days, entered the Seventh precinct station-house, Brooklyn, and asked Sergeant Brown if he might stay there over night. He gave his name as James Stafford, fifty-eight years of age. A minute later another man entered and also applied for lodgings. His face bore traces of dissipation and his clothing was tattered and torn. He also gave his name as James Stafford, and said he was twenty-eight years of age. Sergeant Brown noticed that the two men bore a striking resemblance to each other, and called back the elderly one, who was on his way to the lodging-room.

The sergeant asked the elder if he knew the man by his side. Almost immediately the old man uttered an exclamation of joy and embraced the young person. They were father and son and had been separated since the breaking out of the war. The son was hardly inclined to believe that the man standing by his side was his father, and so told him. The latter related the following story to the sergeant: "At the breaking out of the war I joined the One Hundred and Twenty-fifth New York Infantry. This boy (pointing to his son) was three years old at the time. I had been separated from my wife. No correspondence ever passed between us. When I returned to New York I learned for the first time that my wife had died during my absence, and thinking me dead had given the custody of the child to her sister. I lost all trace of the latter's whereabouts. I made repeated efforts to find my son, but did not succeed. I re-entered the army, but was discharged about eight years ago, and have since been tramping the country and doing odd jobs here and there in order to keep body and soul together."

The son said that he had a faint recollection of going out West with a woman he called his aunt. The latter died when he was fifteen years old and his uncle treated him cruelly. He ran away and went to Illinois where he remained several years and then went to Texas and other States.

Father and son declined to lodge in the station-house and left together.

HER TOES HAD ROTTED AWAY.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A letter was received at the office of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children on Sunday stating that there was a case in Mortonsia which demanded immediate attention. Agent Barkley was sent to investigate it. At No. 311 East One Hundred and Fifteenth street, near Robbins avenue, he found Annie Debris, aged four years, who had evidently been the victim of the most inhuman neglect, and probably of abuse as well, for months past. The child is said to be the natural daughter of Elizabeth Debris and a man named A. Berger. The mother went to Philadelphia Dec. 5 last, leaving her child in charge of her brother Conrad and his wife Elizabeth.

Neighbors say the couple beat the child; that they had seen Conrad beat it with a heavy stick, and that frequently they saw the child limp out into the yard during the coldest weather with only a pair of stockings on her feet. The child's feet are in a horrible condition, having been frozen and being mortified nearly to the instep. All the toes of the right foot are gone, as are some on the left foot and the great toe almost entirely destitute of flesh, and the bone is exposed. Mrs. Stout, a tenant of the house, had witnessed the child's sufferings and had persuaded Annie to let her try to alleviate them. She told Agent Barkley that it was only with the greatest difficulty that she succeeded in removing an old pair of stockings from the girl's feet, and that flesh and some of the toes came off with the coverings. Annie was removed to the society's rooms and from there to the New York Hospital. The surgeons sent a certificate to Justice White at the Harlem Court stating that it would be at least a month before the child's injuries would be cured and that the toes had evidently rotted off.

Conrad and his wife were arrested, and Sup't Jenkins and Agent Barkley appeared against them in the Harlem Court. Sup't Jenkins said it might be necessary to amputate both of the girl's limbs, and that if blood-poisoning should occur her injuries might result fatally. The prisoners said they did not consider themselves to blame, because the child's feet were sore when the mother left her with them, and that they had written several times to her about her daughter's condition, but could not get her to return. Justice White held the accused for trial.



THE VICTOR VANQUISHED.

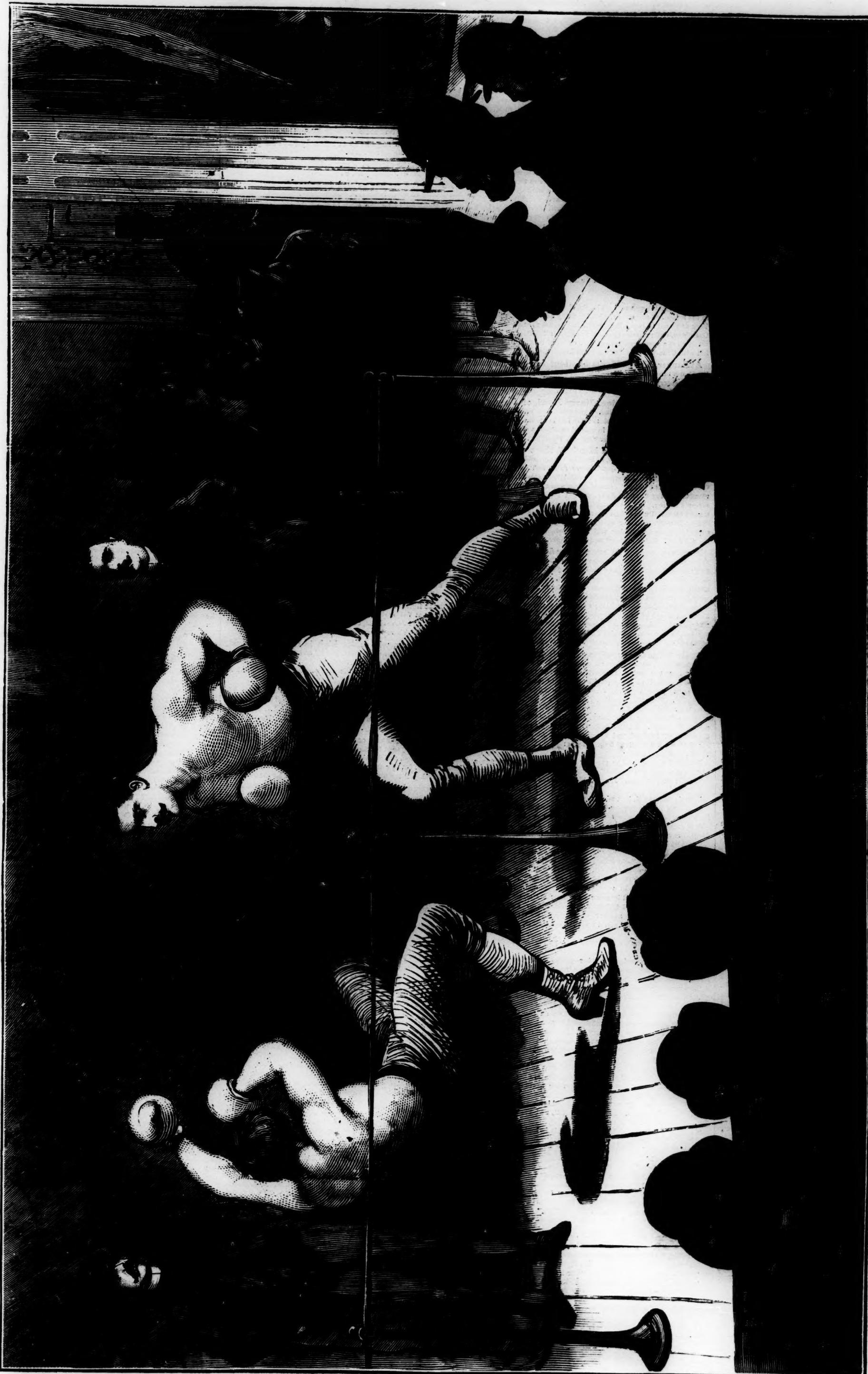
ALL CONQUERING DEATH SLOWLY BUT SURELY MASTERS THE HEROIC SAVIOR OF THE REPUBLIC.

I.—THE LATEST BULLETIN. II.—THE PRAYERS OF THE STRICKEN HOUSEHOLD. III.—THE RESPITE OF BRANDY AND MORPHINE. IV.—THE LAST ATTEMPT TO GO DOWN STAIRS. V.—ULYSSES S. GRANT.

APRIL 18, 1885.]

THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE: NEW YORK.

9



SOME HARD HITTING.

A SLASHING ENCOUNTER OF AMATEURS AT THE PASTIME CLUB TOURNAMENT IN AN UP-TOWN ESTABLISHMENT.

THE MATCH ON

John L. Sullivan and Paddy Ryan Sign the Fatal Articles.

THIS WILL SETTLE IT.

The Pugilistic Championship of America Trembling in the Balance.

The appointed trying-place, according to agreement, between John L. Sullivan and Paddy Ryan, was crowded with sporting men who had assembled in the expectation of witnessing the champion pugilist of the world and the Chicago ex-champion arrange a match to contend for the champion diamond belt and a purse of \$2,500. At 1 P. M. the streets around the building were thronged with sporting men eager to see the two high contracting parties, among them the following: Charley Mitchell, the champion of England; William Malton, the champion wrestler; Billy Edwards, Al. Powers, Wm. F. McCoy, Frank Stevenson, Capt. James C. Daly, Harry Martin, Mike Donovan, E. F. Mallahan, Leo Curtis, Bob Smith, and a host of others.

At 2 P. M. Paddy Ryan, dressed in a neat-fitting black suit, kid gloves and walking cane, appeared. He was accompanied by Col. J. P. Vidvard, of Chicago, and James Patterson. After shaking hands all around Ryan said: "I am here to arrange the match. Will Sullivan be here?" And he added, after glancing at the diamond belt: "All I want is to meet Sullivan, for I am certain I can defeat him."

After waiting about half an hour, neither Sullivan nor Paddy Sheppard arrived, and the sporting men became anxious. William E. Harding, finding that the champion had not arrived, said: "It is not necessary for Sullivan to be present to arrange this match. He authorized me to act for him if he failed to come. Here is an agreement which, if Ryan approves, will settle all arguments."

Jim Patterson, who appeared to represent Ryan, read the articles of agreement which had been prepared. The following is a copy:

Articles of Agreement entered into this day of April, 1885, between John L. Sullivan, of Boston, Mass. (champion), and Paddy Ryan, of Chicago, Ill. (ex-champion).

The said John L. Sullivan and the said Paddy Ryan hereby agree to contend with small gloves in a fair stand up exhibition according to the new rules of the London prize ring, by which the said John L. Sullivan and the said Paddy Ryan hereby mutually agree to be bound. The said exhibition shall be for the sum of \$2,500 (a subscribed purse), the diamond belt and championship of the world, and shall take place on the sixteenth day of June, 1885, at a place mutually agreed upon. The men to be in the ring between the hours of 6 A. M. and 12 noon, either man failing to appear shall forfeit all claims to the excursion money. The expenses of the ropes and stakes shall be borne by the manager of the exhibition. The winner shall receive, in addition to the purse and belt, two-thirds of all excursion money, the loser to receive one-third.

In pursuance of this agreement the sum of \$2,500 is now deposited in the hands of Harry Hill, of New York, who shall be final stakeholder. The referee to be chosen on the ground. In case of magical interference the referee, if appointed, or the representative of the donor of purse and belt, if not, shall name the next time and place of meeting, if possible on the same day or in the same week, and either party failing to appear at the time and place specified by that official, to forfeit all claims to the excursion money.

It is hereby agreed by the said John L. Sullivan and the said Paddy Ryan that if they cannot agree to a place for exhibition the donor of the belt or his representative shall name a place of meeting, and give both principals due notification.

In pursuance of this agreement we hereunto attach our names.

JOHN L. SULLIVAN,
PADDY RYAN.

After the match was well made, the champions joined the forces in the saloon. Later, Ryan, with his many admirers, left for New York and went to James Patterson's in Seventh avenue. Sullivan, Chambers, Callum, and the sporting editor of the POLICE GAZETTE sat down to a sumptuous repast, and on the 6 P. M. train Sullivan left with Chambers and Callum for Philadelphia.

At Bangor, Me., on March 26, about 800 persons paid to witness Billy Frazier, of Boston, and Pete Dally box, according to Queenberry rules. Frazier broke his thumb during the contest, and the referee declared the contest a draw.

At Rawlins, Wyoming, Harry Hynd, of Cheyenne, and James Levin, of Rawlins, Wyoming, have been matched to fight, according to the new rules of the London prize ring, for \$500 a side. The stakes are to be increased to \$1,500 a side. The fight is to take place on May 25, near Rawlins, Wyoming.

At Lawrence, Mass., on March 27, there was a glove contest between Ned Quigley, of Bradford, Eng., and Denney Hiley, of Lawrence, Marquis of Queensberry rules, fight to finish, for a purse of \$50. Patsy Libby acted as Quigley's second, while Andy Clevers seconded Hiley. John Waldron was chosen referee. Previous to starting Captain Bailey warned the combatants against severe slugging. Both men started in earnest, dealing each other terrific blows. During the first round Quigley was thrown twice, falling heavily. On the second round Quigley had his ankle severely sprained by falling, which compelled him to retire from the platform. Hiley was declared the winner. Time, 7 minutes.

Pendragon says: "When a boxer first arrives in the States from England, those who have been there for some time before him affect to ignore him and his reputation, and pretend they don't believe there ain't no such person. By and by the newcomer, having operated sufficiently upon the tailors and bootmakers of native or residential talent, is admitted within the sacred circle of visiting celebrities; then he, too, turns up his nose—assuming that it will turn up, though professional nose sometimes will not—at claimant upon consideration who have still to win the golden g'ur of pugil's chivalry. (I flatter myself that phrase is full in the mouth enough for the occasion.)"

At the Police Gazette office, on April 4, crowds of New York and Brooklyn sporting men assembled to witness John L. Sullivan and Charley Mitchell arrive a match. It has been announced that the pugilists were to meet. Among the gentlemen present were Al. Powell, Gus Tuthill, Justin McCarthy, Tommy Murphy, Mark Maguire, Joe Shanahan, Billy Malden, John Brennan, Bob Smith, Col. J. S. Cunningham, Paymaster of the Navy, Max Klein, Johnny Stack, and a host of others. While the sporting men were awaiting the champion of England and the champion of America the following dispatch was received from Chicago:

To Mr. Richard K. Fox:
I would like to defer the meeting with Sullivan to arrange a match for the "Police Gazette" diamond belt and the championship until after election. If agreeable will leave on the 8th.

PADDY RYAN.

In reply Richard K. Fox wired:

"Sullivan has engagements and cannot postpone the meeting. Sullivan will meet you Tuesday, April 7, and you must come on."

A few minutes after the dispatch had been sent, Mitchell, dressed in a new spring suit, arrived. He said:

"I am on hand to arrange the match."

"I left Sullivan with Arthur Chambers, Dan Clinch and George C. Brotherton, at Philadelphia, last night," said Wm. E. Harding, the sporting editor of the POLICE GAZETTE. Sullivan authorized me to ask you to defer the meeting until next Tuesday."

Mitchell appeared to be very much disappointed. Sullivan, it was stated, was detained by private business matters. Over 2,000 sporting men purchased tickets for the McCaffrey and Sullivan boxing exhibition. A number of sporting men claimed that they could not find any one to cash their tickets, and Sullivan said:

"I am going to remain and see that these people have their money refunded."

"I guess Sullivan is right," said a gentleman. "He could not afford to see any one cheated out of their money, and I admire Sullivan for the action he has taken in this matter."

"It would only have cost him \$4 to have come on," said Mitchell. "I am eager to arrange the match, and he should have been here."

"Sullivan will have to be in New York on Tuesday to meet Paddy Ryan and arrange a match," said Richard K. Fox, "and if the champion desires he can arrange both matches at once."

"Who is knocking you, Charley?" was asked.

"Why," said Mitchell, "I desire to arrange a match for the \$2,500 purse and the diamond belt."

"I offered," said Richard K. Fox, "the purse and belt for Sullivan and Ryan to contend for with gloves at Butte City."

"How can it be for the championship of the world? I am champion of England," said Mitchell.

"Sullivan holds that title," replied a Brooklyn statesman.

"When did he win it?" inquired Mitchell, and his eyes flashed fire.

"When he defeated Paddy Ryan at Mississippi City, Feb. 7, 1882."

"How did Ryan have any right to fight for the championship of the world, then?"

"Why, he defeated Joe Goss."

"Yes," said Mitchell, "a poor old man, and the fight lasted eighty-seven rounds; but how did Goss become champion?"

"By defeating Tom Allen in Kentucky in 1876," replied the statesman. "Allen succeeded Jim Mace, who gave up the title after his battle with Joe Coburn in Mississippi."

In the meantime the large crowd listened eagerly to the arguments.

Suddenly Wm. E. Harding said: "I am authorized to match an Unknown to meet you in the 21-foot ring, with small gloves, at Butte City, for \$1,000 a side, and will arrange the match now."

The announcement created quite a flutter.

"I will not name Burke, Greenfield or Paddy Ryan."

"Jim Fell is the man," said Richard K. Fox.

"I will make the match for \$2,500 to fight in three weeks," said Mitchell.

"I am doing business for Arthur Chambers," said Wm. E. Harding.

"Ah," said Mitchell, "Fryer is the man. I will fight him next week for \$1,000, or in six weeks for \$2,500."

"I am only carrying out Arthur Chambers' instructions," responded Wm. E. Harding; "but if you are here next Tuesday I think you can arrange three matches."

\$1.00 will pay for copy of GAZETTE 13 weeks, mailed regularly to your address.

SPORTING NEWS.

It is intended that this department shall be a summary of all the sporting news and gossip current in the United States. Every reader of the POLICE GAZETTE is cordially invited to contribute such information of this kind as he may acquire in his neighborhood.

Alf. Greenfield thinks of going back to England shortly.

Mervine Thompson is to be matched against a colored heavy weight.

Arthur Chambers is very badly "mashed" on his hard-hitting protege, George Fryer.

Prof. William Miller, of Melbourne, Australia, wants to make a match with Sullivan.

John H. Clark says he is out nearly \$300 on printing by the Sullivan-McCaffrey fixie.

Billy Lehman stopped Denny Kelleher in 3 rounds, at the Club theatre, Philadelphia, on April 4.

Duncan C. Ross has settled in Frisco for awhile, and has purchased a half interest in Central Park.

St. Paul will have no club in the field this season, the scheme having been abandoned for various reasons.

Tom Brannon, of Tamaqua, says he will run Fred. Vokes 300 yards for any amount, and the race to be for "keeps."

The fight between Jack Hoffron and Slasher O'Brien, which took place near Auburn, Me., April 2, was declared a draw.

Mike Cleary and Frank Crockett are matched to fight to a finish, at San Francisco, for a percentage of the gate receipts.

McCaffrey expresses his willingness to fight Sullivan in any way, but he has not yet issued a challenge nor posted a forfeit.

Frank Heard and Denny Kelleher are matched to spar for a division of the house receipts, on April 25, at Philadelphia.

Billy Edwards desires to return thanks to Arthur Chambers and other sporting men at Philadelphia for courtesies extended.

The sporting house, the "Saracoon's Head," 22 Langrange street, the home of the late Joe Goss, is to be conducted by his widow.

Austin Stevenson, of Vallejo, Cal., and Nick Layberger, of Pittsburgh, will row 3 miles for a stake of \$200 at Oakland, Cal., April 19.

David Bright defeated Jerry Smith in a 25-mile race at Bath, Me., March 31, for \$100. The race was very close, Bright only winning by a foot.

Patrick Sullivan and J. Powers, both of Troy, fought with hard gloves at that place, April 1. The fight resulted in Powers getting knocked out in four rounds.

James Griffin, the champion single-scarf earsman of Buffalo, will go to Boston the coming week to go into training preparatory to entering the New Orleans regatta.

B. Green, instructor of sparring, intends giving a prize, consisting of a complete sparring outfit in Princeton colors, to the student of the sparring class who makes the best progress in the twenty lessons.

At Lawrence, Mass., on March 21, articles of agreement were signed for a glove fight at Vallambrosa Rink, April 20, to a finish, between Timothy Sullivan, of Cambridgeport, and Patsy Libby, of Lawrence, for \$100 a side.

A prize fight for the championship of the naval world was fought at Valparaiso, Chile, March 10, between Harry Whittle, of London, and James Ross, of Cambridge, Mass. Ross won in the eighth round.

Wm. E. Dean, who ranks high in the social world, has opened the West End Stables, 139, 141 and 143 West One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street, between Sixth and Seventh avenues, New York. The stables are the largest and best equipped in New York.

The amateur boxing tournament at Prof. John H. Clark's Club theatre was a big success. On Monday, March 30, El. Burke defeated J. Muth; Tuesday, March 31, El. McCarthy defeated James Collins, and on Wednesday, April 1, Tommy Williams defeated J. McCloskey.

Jack Dempsey has a card in a recent issue of the London Sporting Life challenging Jimmy Carney, the English light-weight champion, to fight him in the old style within 100 miles of New Orleans, La., for \$1,000 to \$5,000 and the light-weight championship of the world. He offers Carney \$100 for expenses.

At Portland, Me., on March 26, there was a spirited glove contest between Jack Stewart, of Virginia, and Marcello Baker, of Boston. Prof. Bayley was referee. The fight was for four rounds, Marquis of Queensberry rules. Baker had decidedly the best of the contest. The referee declared the fight a draw, much to the disgust of Baker's friends. Stewart's friends contended that the decision was the only one possible under the circumstances.

Sullivan says McCaffrey would have had no more show with him than a ten-year-old school-boy. Continuing, he said: "You see a man nowadays can challenge another to fight him with or without gloves, and so fix it that he won't fight, but will come out with a good reputation. He can go into training and then quarrel about a referee or something else, and the fight won't come off, but his reputation won't be hurt. That's what's the matter with McCaffrey. He knows he would have no show."

Prof. William Clark, the well-known boxer, having so far failed to pay any part of the \$1,000 a year alimony in which he was mulcted when, in 1872, his first wife obtained a divorce from him, on March 27, James C. Church, counsel for Mrs. Fulsom, formerly Clark, made a motion for the privilege of docketing the judgment, so far as the alimony was concerned. The application was granted and judgment docketed against Clark for over \$20,000. A *lis pendens* has been filed against Clark's property on Sixth avenue, New York, and the hotel at Huntington, L. I.

The cooking main between Georgia and North Carolina, which has been in progress in Columbia, S. C., ended on March 28 in a decisive triumph for the Georgia birds. The combat between the feathered gladiators were stubborn and exciting. Sporting men from all the principal cities of the South were present, and a great deal of money changed hands. Cock-fighting being a legalized sport in Columbia, no attempt was made by the authorities to prevent the battles. Another main is talked of, and will probably take place in Georgia. It will be between Washington and Columbia. The exact date has not been fixed.

Our Post-Office.—Letters lying at this office will be forwarded on receipt of stamped envelope, self-addressed. James Burns, Sleepy Brett, G. E. Bunnell, John Cullen, Treasurer of the Liquor Dealers' Association of Kings County; F. Clow, Andy Collyanay, Harry Dobson, James W. Fulbrook (2), Miss Edna Gray, H. C. Gordon, W. H. Hutchison, Thos. Hall, Denis Hanley (2), Geo. W. Hamilton (2), Geo. Hanzel, J. Edwin Irving, McHenry Johnson, H. M. Johnson, Geo. La Bianco, Annie Lewis, Fatty Murphy, Eph Morris, John Macay, G. J. Montgomery, Dominick McCaffrey, Jim Maco, Mich. Pflaus, W. Price, Sol. Smith, Russell, Duncan C. Ross, Johnson, Robins, Chas. Robic, Wm. Smith, Emil Voss, S. F. Yeager, Chas. Mitchell, William Glazier.

Mrs. Joe Goss was left in destitute circumstances by the death of the once-famous pugilist, and she has called upon the sporting fraternity to assist her in her hour of need. The subscription started only yielded \$170, including the \$50 Richard K. Fox subscribed, and that a larger sum was utilized in defraying Goss' funeral expenses. It is now proposed to arrange a mammoth athletic exhibition in Madison Square Garden for Joe Goss' widow, and Billy Edwards has been delegated by Mrs. Goss to manage the affair. Madison Square Garden has been engaged for Friday, April 24. Every pugilist who desires to volunteer will send in their names at once, and every one desiring to contribute will forward their donations, no matter how small, to this office, and those who subscribe will have their names recorded. Billy Edwards, Arthur Chambers, Capt. James C. Daly, Walter De Bann, Patsy Sheppard, Joe Coburn, Steve Taylor, Joe Denning and Matsuda Sorakichi, the Japanese champion wrestler, have so far volunteered. Billy Edwards expects to make the affair a big success.

The following visitors called at this office the past week: J. L. Sullivan, Paddy Ryan, Col. J. P. Vidvard, Chicago; Dan Sully, Ed. Plummer, Col. John E. Cunningham, Henry Martin, John F. Fallon, Wallace Ross, James Pickington, Sam Winslow, Geo. Parker, Gen. E. B. Barnum, Mr. John H. Dergon, L. A. Newcome, Post-office Inspector, New York; John F. Brown, Charles Engels, Alex. McIntosh, Geo. R. Raymond, Charley Mitchell, Alf. Power, Billy Edwards, Johnny Saunders, Frank Crayler, Patrick Logan, Johnny Stack, Ed. F. Mallahan, John Curtis, Wm. Muldoon, wrestler; Capt. James C. Daly, H. Stoddard, Tom Murphy, Toppy Maguire, Bob Smith, Gus Tuthill, Harry Streets, S. Torrey, Tribune; J. C. Summers, New York Press Club; Steve O'Donnell, Matsuda Sorakichi, F. A. Sullivan and D. E. Kilby, Portland, Me.; John Baldwin, John Stack, John Stillwell, Bob Turnbull, Telegram; John Breanans, Gus Lippman, Louis F. Grant, attorney; Thomas Hay, Lawrence, L. I.; Michael Ryan, City; Walter De Bann, J. B. Roome, Charles M. Gaines, Jim Fell, Peter Donohue, Aug. Schmidt, Joe Hart, Max Stern.

A large delegation of sporting men assembled at the POLICE GAZETTE office on April 4 to witness the arranging of another match between Carl Abe, the gigantic wrestler of Germany, and Matsuda Sorakichi, the champion wrestler of Japan. At the conclusion of the match on April 1 the backer of the Japanese champion agreed to again match the Oriental against the German champion for \$250 a side, and the latter accepted. At the meeting on April 4 Abe wanted the match to last 1 hour with 10 minutes rest. The backer of Matsuda Sorakichi said the match should be continued until finished if it lasted 10 hours. After considerable wrangling the following articles of agreement were signed:

New York, April 4,

THE REFEREE.

His Thoughts, Opinions and Expressions on Matters of Sporting Interest.

There are 1,915 trotters with records of 2:30 or better, 563 of which have records of 2:25 or better, 129 with records of 2:15 or better, 12 with records of 2:15 or better, and 2 with records of 2:10 or better. Of these, in the 2:30 list, 874 are geldings, 667 mares and 371 stallions. Of these 969 are bays, 316 chestnuts, 157 browns, 167 blacks, 165 grays, 45 roans, 10 whites, 10 duns, 4 spotted, 1 blue and 4 unknown colors. There are 380 pacers with records of 2:30 or better, 176 in 2:25 or better, 55 in 2:20 or better, 16 in 2:15 or better, and 1 in 2:10 or better. Of the pacers there are 251 geldings, 102 mares and 27 stallions. In color there are: bays, 162; chestnuts, 71; grays, 50; blacks, 32; browns, 29; roans, 26; duns, 8; spotted, 1, and 1 of unknown color.

There are 284 trotters to enter the 2:30 list, 56 making records of 2:25 or better, 2 of 2:20 or better. One hundred and eleven horses lowered their records in 1884. Seventy-eight trotters in 2:25 or better, 19 in 2:20 or better, 5 in 2:15 or better and 2 in 2:10 or better. Fifty-eight pacers dropped into the 2:30 list, 28 in 2:25 or better, 8 in 2:20 or better and 1 in 2:15 or better. Thirteen four-year-old trotters went in 2:30 or better before the public, while 5 of them made records of 2:23 or better and 2 better than 2:20. The three-year-olds made records of 2:30 or better, but none lower than 2:25. After reviewing the above, I find that out of a complement of 580 pacers, we have 16 with records of 2:15 and better and only 13 trotters out of 1,915. From this it is evident that the pacer's is the faster gait. In color we find that the bays predominate in both pacer and trotter, chestnuts taking second place, while with the pacers the grays and off-colors are more numerous in proportion to the number of horses. The geldings are largely in the lead, with the stallions in the minority. The year 1884 will long be remembered as one of record-smashing, and it will also go down in history as the first year in which two four-year-olds made records better than 2:20, namely—Sallie Benton, 2:17½ (the best for the age) and Elvira, 2:18½.

Pendragon says: "Springall, who had some small reputation on this side as a knocker-out, but who depends far too much on the right hand to stand any chance of scoring points in really good company, has been issuing challenges right and left since his arrival in America, and all to no purpose, as far as the recognized and accredited boxers of 'posh' are concerned, so as to get his shot. Springall, a rough—or tough, as our cousins call the unusual article, who, a couple of years ago, got no reputation by standing up to Mitchell without being very severely worsted. Springall is reputed to have literally conjured Denning—which doesn't say much for Denning—and to have made a far better show with him than was made with Mitchell. This is a bit too good to be true. For points or for endurance, it would be very long odds on Mitchell against Springall, always provided the latter did not manage to get home his swashbuckling right-hander. By the way, if I remember right, Mitchell did meet Springall in the first rounds of Maiden's competition at Cheltenham, and I beat him almost pointless."

I met Jere Dunn, the sporting man, at Philadelphia. He had just come from New Orleans, where, to a reporter, he said:

"You have seen the last fight between Northern pugilists. I brought them here at great expense to myself and them, and have stopped another raft of good ones from coming here. Why? Because there is not enough money in the patronage they receive to warrant them in coming."

"Besides, there have been a great many obstacles thrown in my way by jealous people who thought there was big money in these affairs. I have been very loath to complain of the shabby treatment I received here at the hands of a few, lest the publication of it elsewhere might reflect in the least upon the many generous and hospitable people with whom I came in contact; therefore, I am compelled to discriminate, as honor compels me to speak while I am yet here, for I shall have to say something when I go North."

"Before I left here last spring I was invited to return this winter by the honorable Mayor and Chief of Police and institute a round of sport in the boxes and athletic line, which, they both assured me, would be very acceptable to the public and to themselves, providing good men were brought here and square matches were given. This promise was renewed by Mayor Guillot when I called upon him for that purpose last fall. The public has judged the sport which I furnished, and no fault could be found. I waited here through the long rainy season, under heavy personal expense, expecting to make up for my loss when good weather set in."

"I sent for George Cooke and for Duncan C. Ross and Tom Cannon to wrestle, and had Ross bring Lange to fight Cooke. No hall could be secured for the wrestling, on account of the 'immorality' of the entertainment, so I was compelled to bring those affairs off out at the baseball park. The Lange-Cooke fight came first, and I had great difficulty in procuring a permit. Every one present was satisfied of its genuineness."

"Then came the Acton-Cannon wrestling match, and I had difficulty in procuring a permit for that, and that, too, was noticeably a genuine match. Then the Cooke-Fryer match came off, for which I could get no permit at all, but by getting influential people to solicit the privilege for me, I was permitted to go on under the supervision of the police, by donating \$25 to the city."

"This sum did not seem to be sufficient, for when the Dempsey-Bixamox fight was advertised, and upon the day it was to take place, I was informed that it would be stopped, and it was given out by the police as a certainty. Again I was obliged to seek gentlemen to go to the authorities in my behalf, and was reluctantly permitted to have the affair, but without a permit. Of course, I paid the usual charity hospital license of \$10 every time, and for the Dempsey-Bixamox fight I paid the city a donation of \$50."

"That settled my business with the powers that be. I immediately stopped all professionals with whom I was in correspondence from coming here, and I shall never have any more boxing or wrestling in this city under my management, unless such sport is licensed. Of course the Fryer-Lange fight, which came off Wednesday, was on the tapis and had to go on. I had a light interest in that, which dwindled down to nothing when the donation of \$100 was taken out of the proceeds, as was represented \$100 to a charitable institution and \$50 to the city."

"The city donations which I paid were, by order of the Chief of Police, handed to the chief secretary or clerk, in his office. Fryer, for his victory over Lange, received only \$60, and Lange \$10, so you see the donations in that affair alone amounted to one-half of the net receipts, which were \$200. I believe in giving away all that one can spare for such privileges, but I also believe in the old axiom that 'charity begins at home.' The Dempsey-Dougherty fight will not take place. There is not enough in it for Dempsey. The latter will leave for the North to-morrow. In regard to the great bulk of the citizens and public men of New Orleans I can only speak in the highest terms. In them I have found an abundance of that liberality, generosity and hospitality which is proverbial. As to the manner in which an administration conducts the affairs of a city I have nothing to say, only that the constitutional rights of a citizen are not confined to his birthplace or to his residence, but work effectively in any and every spot throughout the length and breadth of the United States."

I understand Miss Annie Oakley, the famous rifle-shoot, has returned to Erie, Pa., her former home, where she will sojourn for a few weeks prior to commencing a series of fests.

During the past season she has traveled over 20,000 miles with her husband. Forty weeks of the season were spent with Sells Bros.' circus. One of her especially fine acts in the

ring is to fire at glass balls while the horse is on the dead run. At Yorkshire, near Cincinnati, Ohio, she fired at 5,000 glass balls thrown from four traps, using two 16 Parker shotguns, and broke 4,772; on the second 1,100 she broke 984, beating the best score on record—361, made by Bogardus.

In April of last year she attempted to beat the best 1,000-ball record shooting at balls thrown in the air, using a rifle. The best record was that of Dr. Ruth of California—979. Mrs. Butler used a Stevens 22-caliber rifle, and broke 93. She has shot twenty-three matches from traps, all against men, winning nineteen prizes, at glass balls, live pigeons and clay pigeons. Her husband proudly admits that she has long since bested him with either the rifle, shotgun or pistol.

A dispatch from London, March 31, says the single-seal race over the Thames championship course between Bubear and Godwin for \$1,000 was won by Godwin.

The defeat of Hanlan, the champion oarsman of America, on March 28, 1885, on the Parramatta river, Sydney, Australia, fell like a thunderbolt on the sporting world.

It is very fortunate, I think, that the race was rowed far off in Australia, that is, for Hanlan's legion of admirers and those who always speculate heavily on all such events.

If Hanlan and Beach had rowed the very identical race they rowed in Australia at Greenwood Lake, Saratoga, or on any of the numerous rowing courses in America, nearly a quarter of a million would have been wagered on the result.

And there is no denying the fact that Hanlan would have been the favorite in the betting at \$100 to \$60 and Beach's supporters would have won an independent fortune.

Hanlan, of course, had numerous admirers in Australia who backed him heavily, but they were only a regiment in numbers to a well-equipped army compared with the thousands that would have staked from \$5 to \$7,500 on his chances here.

Many may have an idea that \$2,500 is an exaggeration and that no one would wager that amount on a boat-race, but this is a mistake. I could name six men who each lost that amount often on a boat-race, and that is more, I was present and saw the money staked.

Therefore, while it must be deeply regretted that Hanlan was defeated, I think many will rejoice that the race was rowed in Australia.

It was set down to almost a foregone conclusion that he would win and wipe out his first defeat by Wm. Beach on Aug. 16, 1884.

Hanlan expected to win the race, and in a letter I had the pleasure of perusing he thought he would win easily and return in June to Canada.

Looking at Beach's double victory over the American champion I am forced to swallow a bitter dose of medicine, that Hanlan is no longer champion or able to hold the premiership, and that a new champion, not only in name, but in quantity and quality, has come to the front.

Beach has been known as a sculler but a short time. In July, 1883, he met Trickett, the ex-champion, and was defeated. He was not satisfied, however, and was again matched with Trickett for \$2,000 a side. Beach won, and again defeated Trickett Aug. 24. On the 9th of November and 8th of December, both Beach and Trickett rowed in regattas, and Beach lost to the ex-champion on both occasions.

As soon as Hanlan defeated Laycock, Beach was anxious to try his luck against America's champion, and after giving him a trial spin, his friends decided to allow him to make a match, and the result was Beach won.

Hanlan then excused himself by saying that a steamer interfered with his rowing.

After Beach defeated Hanlan in August, Clifford arranged a race with the Canadian sculler for stakes, and was to row Beach a championship contest.

First Hanlan met Clifford and defeated him easily. Beach then defeated Clifford.

Among the many patrons of sport there are several who will wager large amounts when they say they will do so, then again there are others who will make low bets that they will bet \$5,000 on this and put up \$5,000 on that and never fill the bill.

I remember four years ago, when Richard K. Fox, in order to again promote and revive boxing and pugilism in this country, offered to back Paddy Ryan to fight any pugilist in America for \$1,500 or \$5,000, many pooh-poohed and said it was only a bluff.

And after Ryan was matched against Sullivan for \$5,000 the croakers shouted the fight would never take place, giving for the reason that Richard K. Fox would not risk the stakes.

After the fight was decided, and Richard K. Fox did all in his power to have the bone of contention, the championship, settled, and even gave Paddy Ryan \$1,000 to wager on his chances of success, as he agreed to do, the false prophets were dumbfounded.

A few days ago J. A. St. John, of St. Louis, announced that he had written a challenge to Beach, who defeated Hanlan in the race on the Parramatta river, in Australia, on Saturday, March 23, to row a race with Jake Gaudaur, of St. Louis, for \$5,000 a side and the championship of the world, anywhere in the United States that Beach might select.

Now, from what I know of this supposed rowing program, I can emphatically chronicle that St. John would not back an oarsman for \$500, let alone \$5,000 a side, and John Teemer, Wallace Ross, George Hosmer, James Plirkington, George Lee and other well-known oarsmen are well aware of that fact.

In the first place, Gaudaur is miles behind champion-ship form, and if he was eager to arrange a bone & side race he would have no trouble in ratifying a match with either Teemer or Ross, without looking to Australia for a race.

I learn that Jack Burke is now under the management of Charles E. Davies, better known as the Parson, of Chicago.

Davies believes that Burke is the greatest pugilist in America, outside of the only Sullivan.

By the way, Burke is eager to meet Alf. Greenfield in the arena, and demonstrate that he can defeat him.

Burke does not desire a contest in which a limited number of rounds are to be fought, but to meet Greenfield with or without the mufflers, either London prize ring or "Police Gazette" rules to govern.

Burke's backer is ready to clinch the argument by arranging a match with the well-known and clever Birmingham pugilist.

I am satisfied, after reading the details of the two meetings in this country between Burke and Greenfield, that only a contest within the roped-in arena to a finish will settle the bone of contention as whether Greenfield has the quantity and quality to defeat Burke, or whether the latter has the stamina and effective battering powers to conquer Greenfield?

\$1.00 will pay for copy of GAZETTE 13 weeks, mailed regularly to your address.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All requests for information of a character to be answered in the columns of a newspaper will meet with an early reply on this page, and our readers are cordially invited to submit by letter any reasonable question, no matter on what subject.

L. D., Fordham, N. Y.—No.

SUMMERS, Abilene, Kansas.—Yes.

C. S., London, Eng.—Donald Dinair.

CONSTANT READEN, Bristol, Conn.—The bet is a draw.

J. F., Valatie, N. Y.—Have no record of such a pugilist.

C. M. G., Clear Lake, Iowa.—There are no such running-shoos.

H. B., Hoboken, N. J.—Send \$3 and we will mail you the book.

A. H. A., Philadelphia.—Send to Currier & Ives, Nassau street, Philadelphia, Pa.—Fifty per cent. of the net receipts.

M. K. H., Brevo Bluff, Va.—Write to Wm. Clasher, care of this office.

C. W. T., Columbus, Ohio.—At what distance, 1 mile or 100 miles?

G. D. U., Moline, Ill.—There are seven Buffaloes on the Western border.

J. H. S., Phoenix, Ariz.—The fastest running time for 60 yards is 6'45s.

L. M., Baltimore, Md.—The British evacuated Boston March 17, 1776.

S. M., Brooklyn, N. Y.—Three sizes is the highest throw you can make.

F. P., Rochester, N. Y.—Write to John Wood, 305 Bowery, New York city.

P. S., Carbondale, Pa.—We published Joe Goss' record in our last issue.

T. E. P., Lodging, Md.—Send \$1 and we will forward you book with rules.

D. F. B., Baltimore, Md.—Send us 35 cents and we will forward you the rules.

D. D., Columbus, Ohio.—Of Peterson Brothers, publishers, Philadelphia.

E. H. M., Denver, Col.—John C. Neenan fought for \$2,000 (\$10,000).

L. S., New York City.—Yankee Sullivan fought for \$10,000.

R. H. M., Louisville, Ky.—Miss Woodford was never defeated by Cole. At Louisville Park, Aug. 23, 1885, Cole finished second for the Monmouth stakes with Irongate, Mountie and Miss Woodford behind him, but George Klancy won the race. For the renewal of the Monmouth stakes won by Cole, Miss Woodford did not start.

M. H. W., Boston.—Augustus H. Garland, the Attorney-General, half from Arkansas, but was born in Fulton county, Tenn., in June, 1832. He is a lawyer of extended practice and a man of excellent education and intense devotion to his profession. In 1874 he was elected Governor of Arkansas, and United States Senator in 1876.

D. A., Troy, N. Y.—John Morrisey was born in 1861, and fought Sullivan in 1882. Morrisey's battle with Yankee Sullivan did not increase or even establish his reputation as a clever, scientific boxer, although it undoubtedly proved him to possess unflinching gameness and ability to receive punishment in an extraordinary degree.

D. M., Baltimore, Md.—Daniel Manning, Secretary of the Treasury, fifty-four years of age. When nine years old he became office-boy of the Albany Argus, and gradually advanced in the newspaper business until now he is the chief proprietor of the Argus. He is also a large owner in a number of corporations. He never held a public office.

R. S., Baltimore, Md.—Joe Goss had nothing to do with arranging the match between John L. Sullivan and Paddy Ryan.

R. S., Holyoke, Mass.—L. No. 2. Yankee Sullivan was born April 12, 1852, and died May 31, 1882. His wife, John L. Sullivan and Yankee Sullivan were not related to each other.

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D. E., Philadelphia, Pa.—Deaf Burke, the noted pugilist, only fought twice in this country, viz., at New Orleans, La., May 30, 1887, when he defeated O'Rourke, and a riot ensued, the Deaf being obliged to fly, and near New York, Aug. 21, 1887, when he lost O'Connell.

E. H. M., Denver, Col.—John C. Neenan fought for \$2,000 (\$10,000).

L. S., New York City.—Yankee Sullivan fought for \$10,000.

R. H. M., Louisville, Ky.—John L. Sullivan fought for \$10,000.

A Startling Revelation.

[Subject of Illustration.]

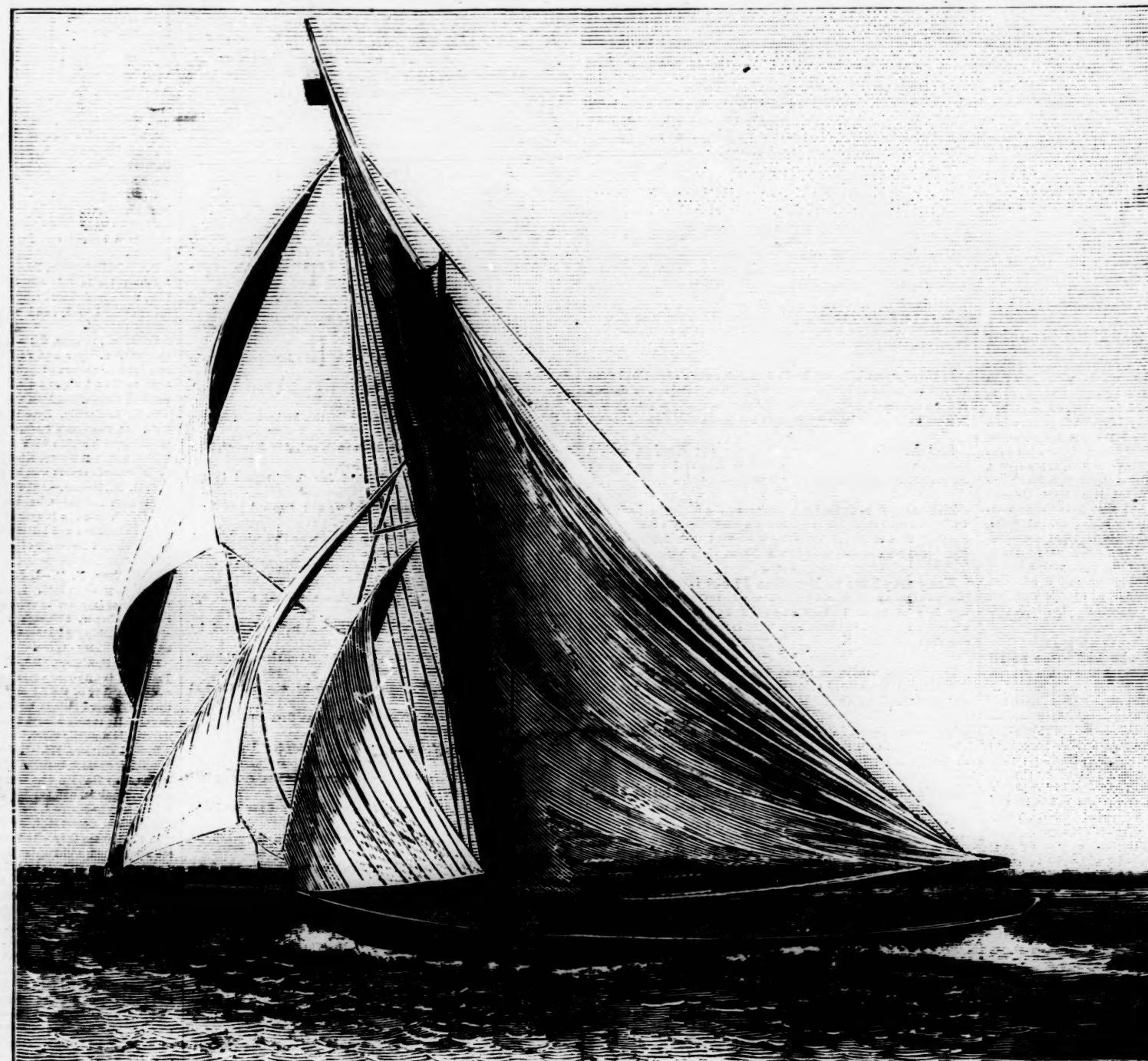
In a Chicago police court a young girl was arraigned for disorderly conduct. She had once been fair. Her name was Maggie Doyle, and her father was the prosecutor. She was said to be a dissipated character, and her father desired that she be sent to the House of the Good Shepherd, which was done. When the girl was taken back the father turned to a policeman and told a sad story.

"In Marinette, Wis.," said he, "there is, three miles from town, a disreputable house kept by a man named Crawford and 'Bill' Diamond, who also keep places on Washington street in Chicago. Nearly all the inmates are no better than slaves, and belong in Chicago. They are picked up in a saloon, on Washington street, by a man who is known, who promises to pay them \$50 if they will go to Marinette for ten days. This man gets \$25 for every girl he sends, and when the victims get there they are told they are \$50 in debt—\$25 for the commission and their railroad fare. Then their clothes are taken from them and they are put in short dresses. All letters which leave the place are examined by a manager, and destroyed or sent as desired. About the yard and near the building are stationed twenty-two bloodhounds so that none of the girls can escape ex-

cept by the front entrance, and that is well guarded. In case they do escape these dogs are sent in pursuit of the fugitives. Fines are also imposed for trivial affairs, and one inmate, Maud Kasket, who had been there two years, found herself to be \$259 in debt. This place is visited only by loggers and a rough element. The girls who once get in that place never get out unless their friends accidentally learn of their whereabouts. When they die they are buried in the woods in the rear of the den of infamy.

"My daughter, Maggie, and Mary Christoperson, living at the corner of Green and Hubbard streets, were among the victims of that slave den," said Mr. Doyle. "When they were going up the conductor warned them not to drink or they would never know where they were. Maggie tried to write home several times, but could not. At last she got a letter to a disreputable woman on Fourth avenue, who informed me. I went there myself, and saw the prison, the bloodhounds, and the graveyard in the woods. The place was burned by the citizens' committee two years ago, but is now bad as ever. I had to take the sheriff with me before I could get my girl."

The girl says this story is true, and also that several more girls are expected to arrive at Marinette from Chicago in a week or so.



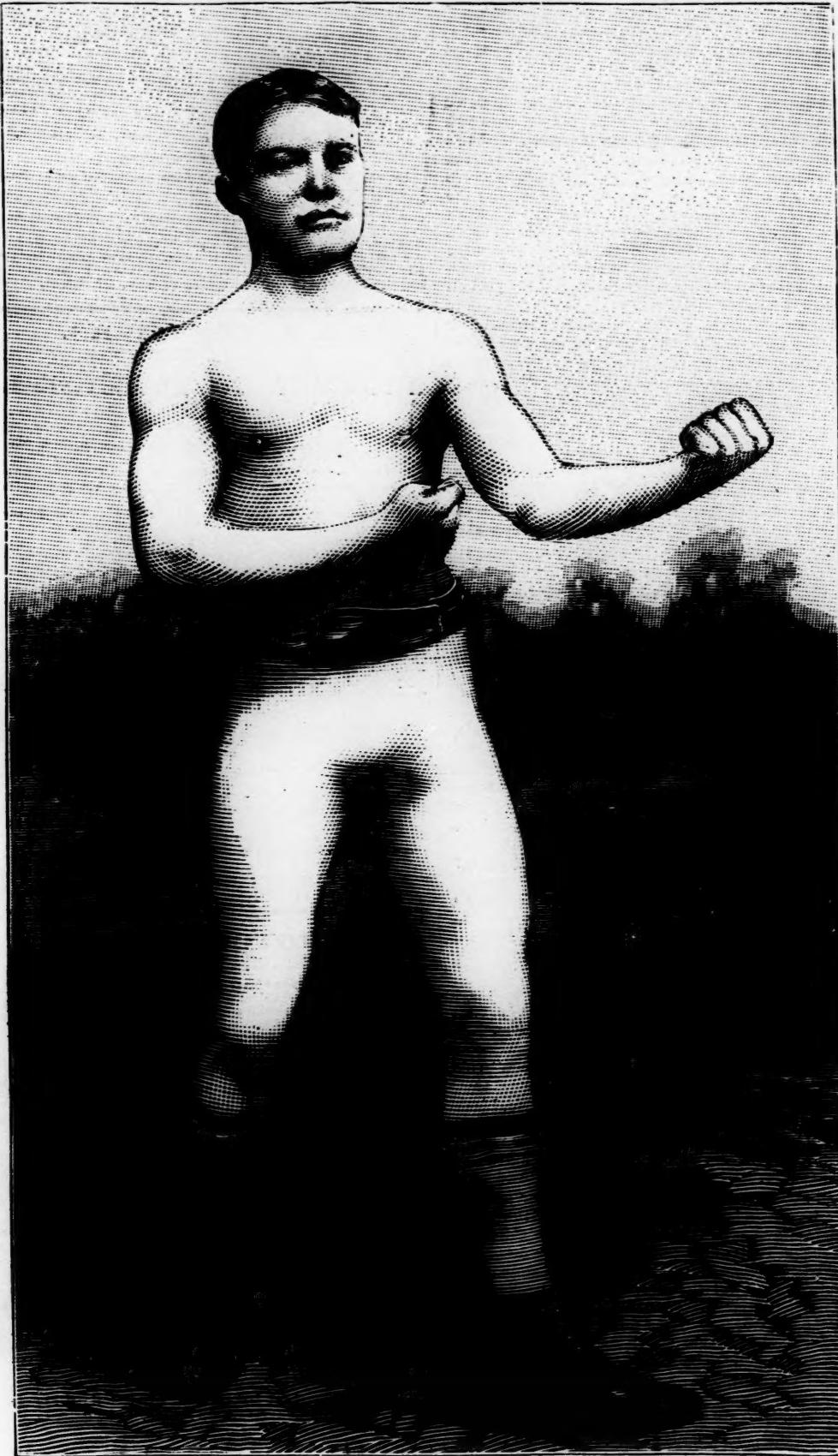
THE GENESTA.

ENGLAND'S FAVORITE REPRESENTATIVE YACHT, ENTERED AS A CONTESTANT FOR THE FAMOUS QUEEN'S CUP WON BY THE AMERICA.



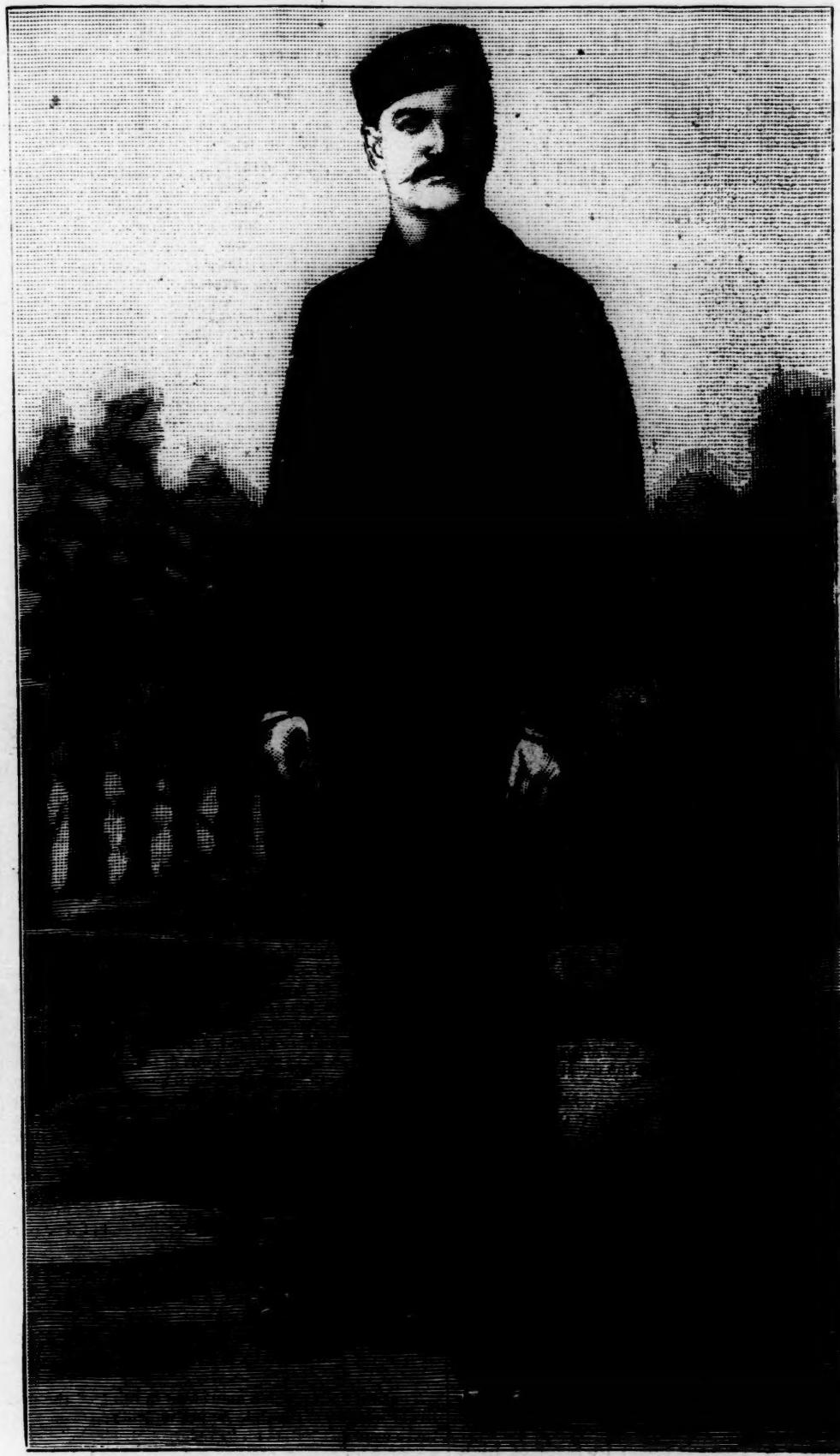
PRETTY POLO-PLAYERS.

AN EXCITING AND ANIMATED SCENE AT THE ROLLER-SKATING RINK IN MERIDEN, CONN.



TOM CLEARY,

THE GALLANT ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY POUNDER, WHO CHALLENGES THE UNIVERSE AT HIS WEIGHT.



FRANK HARRIS,

THE CELEBRATED AND SOLITARY SKATER WHO CAN DO HIS WORK EQUALY WELL ON ICE-SKATES AND RINK-ROLLERS.



HER TOES ROTTED OFF.

THE UNHAPPY AND ALTOGETHER DIABOLICAL CRUELTY PRACTICED BY FIENDS ON A HELPLESS LITTLE CHILD.



A BOLD, BAD MAN.

THE FIENDISH AND INEXPLICABLE ASSAULT MADE BY A RASH UNKNOWN ON CLARA MORRIS.

BEFORE THE BAR.

The High Licenses Cry -- Charges Against the Excise Board--Western Cranks Working Hard For Prohibition.



NED SHERLOCK.

Mr. Sherlock is the plios young gentleman who conducts the "Abbey," a very old-fashioned chop-house in the City of Churches, where genial services are held every day except on the Sabbath. Mr. Sherlock's comfortable headquarters is noted for the prime golden backs and Welsh rarebits which are sought by the gentlemen of the old school, who love to chat over the affairs of the nation. The good-natured boniface has made very rapid strides in the trade, and friends just as fast, by his close attention to business and gentlemanly conduct toward all. Mr. Sherlock's "Abbey" is the resort of all the leading statesmen of Brooklyn, who consider its elegant lunch the finest in the land.

Miss Cleveland is a member of the W. C. T. U.

The Brighton Hotel bar at Coney Island will soon bloom and, we hope, boom.

Bob Ingersoll plays pool in a Broadway saloon. He's an expert with the cue.

The receipts for excise licenses in this city for the last month amounted to \$2,015.

Inspector Byrnes will say nothing about the dishonesty in the Excise Board until the Grand Jury opens his mouth.

Billy Wright, of Fulton street, has the largest glasses in the metropolis. They are not schooners, but mirrors.

Charles A. Dana is much in favor of high license in this State. The Harper law in Illinois is his ideal of the excise question.

The seaside saloonists are painting their places up in bright colors—not red, however. The season will soon open for the festive decorators.

The Montpelier Medical thinks that the use of tobacco has often preserved people from contagious disorders and has many doubts regarding the cancer scare.

For thirty years the State of Maine has been afflicted with a severe prohibition law, and to-day Gen. Dow admits there are more saloons than ever in that old-fashioned State.

The largest vineyard in the world is Los Angeles county, Cal. It has between 3,000,000 and 4,000,000 vines. It is said to be the greatest producer of champagne in this country.

Congressman I. S. Struble, a rank prohibitionist of Iowa, is obliged to have protection in traveling through the State, such is the terrible feeling of people against the cold water men.

A prominent prohibitionist tells us that we are more abstemious than our fathers and grandfathers. But the old gentlemen are said to have been more honest and better-living people.

Paul Boyton opened his "Ship" to the public last Monday, amid a gale of friends. This new enterprise of the captain's is now in full sail at 33 West Twenty-ninth street, in this city. "The Ship" has very good port in any storm.

The Grand Jury in this city seems to be very slow in their proposed investigation of the Excise Board. The charges against the gentlemen in the department are indeed of a very serious nature to hang fire so long. Gentlemen of the jury, let us have the facts.

The Ohio cranks have their guns shot off and are perfecting their organization in every county and township in Ohio. They are placing full tickets in the field, which are likely to be knocked out by liberty-loving citizens of the good old State when they drop their ballots.

During the eight months which have elapsed of the current fiscal year \$78,000,000 have been collected by the internal revenue department, chiefly from taxes on good liquors, etc. What other trade does more toward paying off the national debt and the expenses of good government?

There is likely to be bloodshed over the prohibition law in Iowa. The cranks are serving injunctions upon liquor men and making other desperate efforts to close up the trade. The dealers in some parts of the State refuse to submit any longer to the imposition and will make a hot fight for liberty.

The Brown high-license bill, which is now before the Harrisburg (Pa.) Legislature, makes a first-class license cost \$500, and the same for second-class in all cities. There is only a fair chance of this blue-nose bill becoming a law. The members who desire re-election are not likely to have anything to do toward passing it.

Dr. Henry J. Bigelow, of Boston, speaking of smoking, says: "Smoking is an occasional source of irritation, but the percentage of cases of cancer of the lip resulting from this cause is so small compared with that from other causes, often unanswerable, that it is, to my mind, an argument of little weight against the use of tobacco."

A citizen of the Base Range, while discussing one afternoon the anti-treating bill with a party of friends, went into a business establishment and got five dimes for a four-bit piece. Joining the group, he said: "Gentlemen, I present each of you with a bill. I believe I will go into the Palace saloon and get a cocktail." The hint was taken, and each one receiving a bit followed suit. Thus the Nevada anti-treating law will be evaded.

It's an outrage to see the way these crazy temperance people have been acting toward the dying hero whose life has been prolonged a few days by hypodermic injections of brandy by the faithful physicians who have watched him day and night for the past few weeks. Every day Gen. Grant's family have been horrified by receiving a great pile of telegrams being sent by fanatical temperance associations from all over the country calling upon the doctors to stop giving the General liquor. These temperance societies actually believe that Gen. Grant is not the dying man he is, but that he's on a spree and that the doctors are humoring his weakness. This is indeed inhuman at this most critical moment when the whole nation is bowed in grief over Grant's suffering.

The Temperance Committee of the Legislature, at Hartford, Conn., reported a bill to cover all the changes proposed in the matter of duties of officers specially designated to prosecute violators of the liquor license law. It provides that each county shall be divided into districts and prosecuting agents appointed in each. No agent shall be removed without a hearing. Any person having an annual income of \$1,000 from a public office shall not be eligible to appointment. The agent is given grand jurors' powers, and must visit each town not less than four times yearly. Upon his written direction, approved by the County Commissioners, any policeman or constable must examine into alleged violations of law. Each agent may assist in prosecutions in the Superior Court as counsel for the State, and shall be connected in any proposed settlement, continuance, or withdrawal. He must keep a docket of his cases and report monthly to the County Commissioners. In place of the fees now allowed the agents will be paid an annual salary, to be fixed by the County Commissioners at the rate of \$100 for each 2,000 population, and his actual traveling expenses. The County Commissioners are required to pay to the county treasurer fifteen instead of five per cent. of the license money.

CAUGHT BY A DECOY.

A Milwaukee Taylor Who Ruined His Own Niece Arrested in the Post-Office.

The other afternoon a man stood in front of the delivery window of the Chicago post-office and asked if there were any letters for "Frederick H. Heldt." The words had hardly escaped his lips before Officers Elliot and Wiley, of Chicago, and Koeller, of Milwaukee, stepped up to him, and laying their hands upon him informed him that he was under arrest. The man made a motion as if to draw a revolver, but was instantly overpowered and taken to the station. When he was searched, besides the revolver allied to a large dirk-knife was found in his pocket. Heldt was charged with the heinous offense of incest committed with his own niece, Minnie Heldt, a young girl living at Clinton, Iowa. Three years ago Heldt, who owns a tailoring establishment at 645 Blue Island avenue, paid a visit to Germany and took with him the girl. They occupied the same berths on the steamer and did not return until three months ago. When they came back the girl carried in her arms a child which was born on the passage back. Heldt told his wife and family that the girl was seduced in Germany by a former lover, thus allaying any suspicions that have arisen. The story would never have come out had not a woman whom Heldt had also seduced informed Minnie's mother of the state of affairs, when Heldt left Milwaukee and put up at rooms on Wells street, in Chicago. In the meantime the niece's mind, never very strong, has broken down under the shame of the horrible crime, and she is now a raving maniac. The latter, by means of which the incestuous brute was discovered, was a decoy. Officer Koeller took him back to his native city, and before many weeks he will undoubtedly be doing hard labor at Waupun.

TORTURED HIS MISTRESS.

Details of a Diabolical Crime Committed by a Jealous Mexican.

Laredo, Texas, is wild with excitement over the discovery of one of the most diabolical deeds ever recorded. In the town of Nueva Laredo, Mexico, across the river from Laredo, a Mexican accused his mistress, a beautiful Mexican girl, eighteen years old, of infidelity. He went to her room, locked the door, and after divesting her of all her clothing, tied her to the wall with ropes. Then he proceeded to cut strips of flesh from various parts of her body. The jealous fiend mutilated his victim terribly, and the details of his horrible work are unfit for publication. Under a threat of cutting out her breast he compelled her to eat portions of her own flesh. The girl's frantic screams brought aid just as the brute had finished cutting off the end of her tongue. He was arrested and is in jail, and the girl is in a dying condition.

FREAKS AND THEIR SAVINGS.

Speaking of the savings of freaks of nature a prominent circus and museum manager said:

"They are nearly all economical and nine out of every ten are filled with a desire to own a farm. Tom Thumb spent a great deal of money and yet left a snug fortune. Millie Christine, the doubled-headed girl,

has made \$6,000 or \$7,000, but she lost the greater part of it backsliding into a friend a few years ago. I suppose she is still worth \$20,000. Lillian Battersby and her skeleton husband, who live in this city, are worth \$10,000. John Powers, the fat man, accumulated \$10,000. Capt. Bates and his wife, big people, are worth \$30,000. They have a fine farm in the West. If Lucia Zarate, the Mexican midget, had received all the salary she earned for her manager she would be worth \$25,000. As it is, her manager, Frank Uffner, has the money, minus \$4,000 or \$6,000 he has paid to Lucia's father. Eli Bowen, the legless man, has \$6,000 in bank. Cooper, the giant, has nearly as much. The dime museums have raised the salaries of freaks so much that they will all have farms if the managers' pockets hold out."

The fraternal feeling existing among freaks is aptly shown by the cases of Hubert Ferrer, long known as the Toronto Giant, and Edward Skinner, the Armless Wonder. These two men, both over seventy years of age, are now living at a little cottage outside of Bridgeport, Conn., where an old colored man and woman, for many years a stableman and wardrobe keeper with circuses, tend to their wants and look after the peaceful decline of their days. The cottage, the old colored people, the giant and the armless man, are all dependent on a small monthly assessment taken up from the freaks exhibited at every circus, museum and sideshow in the United States.

ELLA LED THE GANG.

Four Girl Convicts are Dissatisfied with Their Foreman.

On Wednesday last while Warden Green was sitting at the window of his office in the Kings County Penitentiary, New York, he saw about twenty-five female prisoners marching in single file out of the shop across the yard. This was shortly after a strike had taken place in the shoe-shop.

The warden grabbed his hat and ran across the yard to the head of the advancing file of prisoners, and exclaimed:

"What does all this mean? Why have you left the shop?"

"We're on a strike," said Ella Larrabee, "the female burglar," saucily.

"Turn right about, now, and go to work," said the surprised and indignant warden, sternly.

"No, we won't, either," said Ella, defiantly.

The warden whistled for the guard, and all but three of Ella's companions turned pale and began to protest that they were ready to go back to their benches.

"Why did you come out?" asked the warden.

"Because Ella Larrabee told us to follow her," said one of the now trembling prisoners.

All of the women, with the exception of Ella, Lizzie Leonard, Maggie McManus and Ella Babcock, were marched back to the shoe-shop, but the four named were led to four dark cells. They maintained an air of defiance.

"Will you go to work, or would you rather go into the dark cells on bread and water rations?" the kind-hearted warden asked, willing to give the girls one more chance to escape the punishment they deserved.

Ella's answer was a string of oaths; her companions also refused to avail themselves of the clemency offered. When they were locked up they shrieked curses at the warden. They have been in the dark cells, and are still defiant.

Ella Larrabee is the young woman who proved so successful as a burglar, and whose beauty and assumed modesty won her so much sympathy about six months ago. A countryman, whose sympathy was excited by her arrest, offered to marry her, but she said he was "too fresh."

Ella Babcock is respectably connected and well educated. She left a good home and kind parents to become a thief.

Lizzie Leonard attracted some attention through the newspaper's by going about in male attire and robbing a jewelry store on Fulton street.

Maggie McManus has been arrested several times for petty offenses.

The original cause of the trouble among the hands from outside was the order of a new foreman, who commanded the employees to perform their work in such a way that their earnings would be decreased. The difficulty with the girls has been settled, but eighteen cutters are now out on strike.

A GUER DRINK.

One night recently a Gainesville lady was aroused by a knocking at her door. On opening it she beheld a well-dressed and gentlemanly-looking man, who carried a lantern in his hand. He said that his lantern was about to go out for want of oil. She procured her oil-can, and quietly handing it to him, he turned it up to his mouth and took a long and vigorous swig of its contents. She remonstrated, but he assured her that he had for several years past used kerosene as a stimulant in place of coffee, whisky or other beverages. He then replenished his lantern and strode on toward his destination.

A MOON-EYED MONKEY-SHINER.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Brother Marthas's Columbia Rink, near Central Park, was, a few days ago, favored with the patronage of a Chinese gentleman. We illustrate the scene.

HARD HITTING.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The conclusion of the Pastime Club tournament, illustrated elsewhere, is graphically described in our pugilistic department.

Macready lived to eighty, Roger Kemble to seventy-one, Charles Kemble to seventy-nine, John Kemble to sixty-six, Kitty Clive to seventy-four, Chas. Macklin to one hundred and seven, Mrs. David Garrick to ninety-seven, Buckstone to seventy-eight and Chas. Mathews to seventy-five. Mr. Chas. Kean lived to seventy-five and Fanny Kemble seventy-one. Sarah Siddons died at seventy-six and the grandmother of Lester Wallack at ninety. Henry Wallack, an uncle of Lester, lived to seventy-eight, and Lester's father saw seventy-three summers. But C. R. Gardiner's premiere dameuse leads them all. She is ninety-five years old and is engaged to him for ten years more.

PHILADELPHIA, April 3, 1885.
Richard E. Fox, Franklin square, New York.
Dear Sir--As an advertising medium, the POLICE GAZETTE appears to increase in value every issue, and it is the only paper I have ever used that ALWAYS pays MY "ad." It now brings me from 40 to 50 orders every day, which is fully 50 per cent. more than any other three papers I am using.
Yours very truly,
Geo. T. Wilson.

In an issue of the Week's Doings appeared an article reflecting on Rev. Hugh E. Hunt, and charging him with immoral practices. Since that publication the editor of the paper has made diligent inquiry and ascertained that what was attributed to him was entirely impudent to him. Under these circumstances we feel it due to that gentleman to give publicity to the fact of his acquittal and add that we know nothing derogatory to the character of Rev. Dr. Hunt.

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During the continuance of an advertisement, the paper is sent regularly to all advertisers.

Cash should accompany all orders for transit business in order to secure prompt attention.

Address all communications

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Notice to Sporting Men.—Life Size Pictures of Charles Mitchell, the champion pugilist of England, will be furnished by John Woods, the well-known theatrical and sporting photographer of 308 Broadway, N. Y. The portraits of the champions are all copyrighted, and can only be furnished by John Woods, the POLICE GAZETTE's photographer.

"AH, THERE! Just My Style." Five Spicy Pictures of a life-size, showing a young married couple in all sorts of antics. By mail, 50c. Pocket-book free with every order. Address Geo. T. Wilson, Box 322, Philadelphia, Pa.

A Portrait of John L. Sullivan, champion of the world, and Paddy Ryan, ex-champion of America, sent to any address, postpaid, on receipt of 10-cent stamp.

RICHARD E. FOX, Box 40, New York City.

The Broome-Hannan Prize Fight, a splendid did, large engraving, magnificently colored. Will be sent with the key, postpaid, to any address, on receipt of 50c.

RICHARD E. FOX, Box 40, New York City.

Rare and Fancy French Photos of Beautiful Females in interesting positions. Must be seen to be appreciated. In sets of 6, by mail, 50c.; three sets, \$1. E. Ray, Napa, Calif.

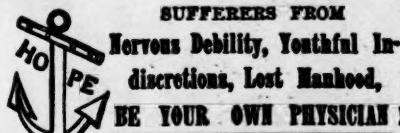
Good Chance! A lot of Cleveland and Henry Dricks pictures for sale very cheap. Address P. G. Box 40, New York City.

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SUFFERERS FROM
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discretions, Lost Manhood,
BE YOUR OWN PHYSICIAN!

Many men, from the effects of youthful imprudence, have brought about a state of weakness that has reduced the general system so much as to induce almost every other disease, and the real cause of the trouble scarcely ever discovered; the true doctor, however, sees through all the right one. Notwithstanding, there are many valuable remedies that medical science has produced for the relief of this class of patients, none of the ordinary modes of treatment effect a cure. During our extensive college and hospital practice we have experimented with and discovered new and contrived remedies. The account of our preparation offers a certain and speedy cure, as hundreds of cases in our practice have been restored to perfect health by its use after all other remedies failed. Perfectly pure ingredients must be used in the preparation of this prescription.

—Cocain (from Erythroxylon coca) 3 drachms.
Jenibebin, 3 drachms.
Helenina Dolein, 3 drachms.
Glycerine, 3 grains.
Ext. jessamine (alcoholic), 3 grains.
Ext. leptandra, 3 scruples.
Glycerine, q.s. Mix.

Mix. Make 60 pills. Take 1 pill at 8 p.m. and another on going to bed. In some cases it will be necessary for the patient to take two pills at bedtime, making the number of pills 12. This remedy is adapted to cure conditions of nervous debility and weakness in either sex, and especially in those cases resulting from imprudence. The recuperative powers of this restorative are truly astonishing, and its continued use for a short time changes the languid, dilated, nervous condition to one of renewed life and vigor.

As we are constantly in receipt of letters of inquiry relative to this remedy, we would say to those who would prefer to obtain it of us, by remitting \$1, a securely sealed package containing 6 pills, carefully compounded, will be sent by return mail from our private laboratory, or we will furnish 6 packages, which will cure most cases for \$6.

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GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.
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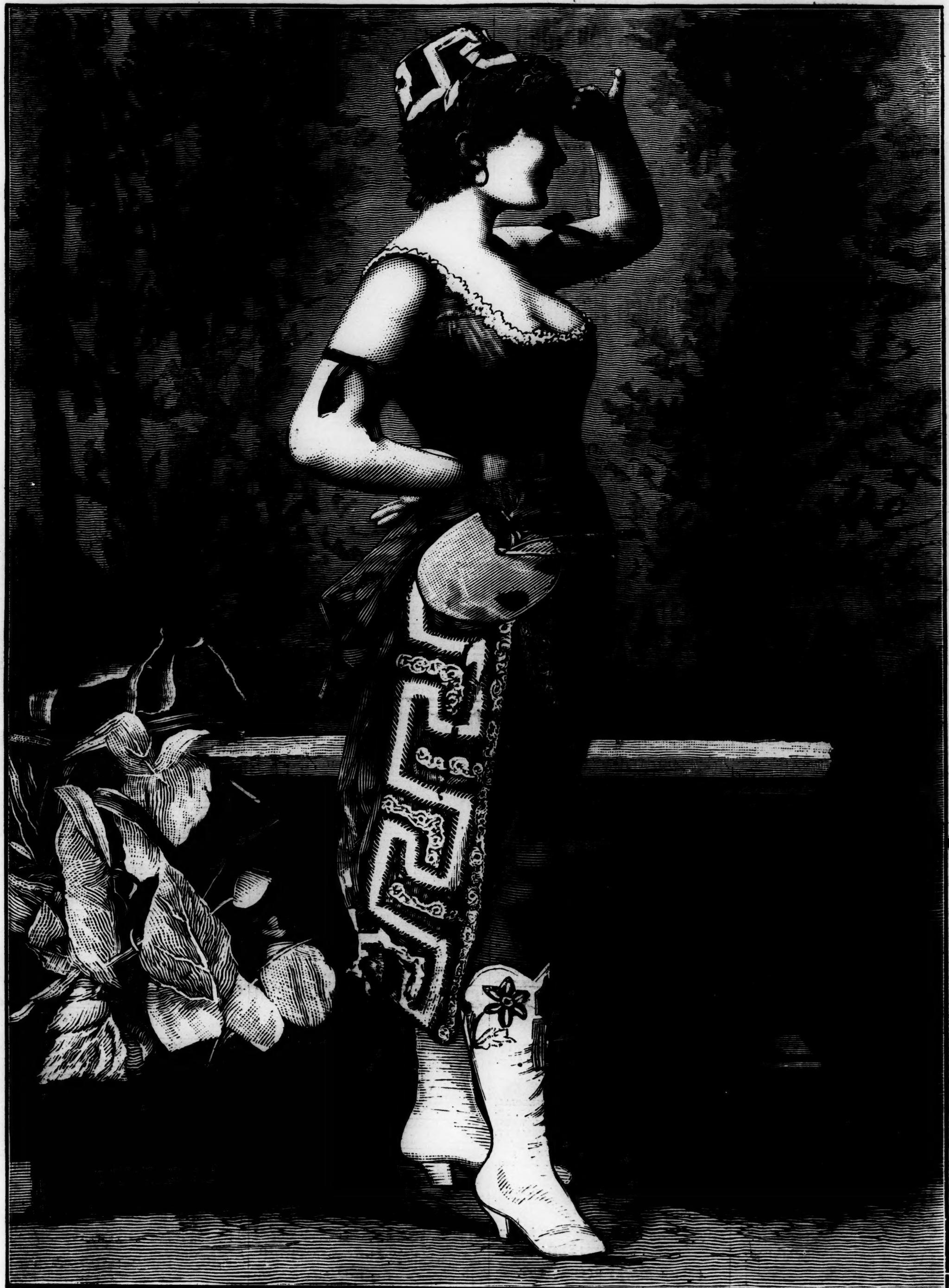
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